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THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!
JULY, 1872.



No. 1.

T.S. ARTHUR & SONS
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. II.

LAUCKENBACH-SO-PHILA.

GEORGE W. JACKSON'S ICE CREAM and DINING ROOMS, For Ladies and Gentlemen, 19 South Eighth St, below Market, Philada.

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THE SISTERS.



AN ADMIRER OF ART.





No. 1.—TOILET OF BLACK SILK GRENADINE.

No. 2.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

No. 1.—Toilet of black silk grenadine over black silk. The deep founce is plaited, and divided quite near the top by a rouleau of silk. Just above it is another rouleau. This founce is set on to simulate a rounded tunic, and a second tunic is outlined by the smaller founce, which is met at each side by ribbon bows. The fronts of the loose-fitting casaque form two large scallops. At the back the basque is but slightly rounded, and finished with ribbon bows. Large sleeves. Trimming of plaited ruffles and rouleaux. Silk buttons fasten the corsage. Lace collar and undersleeves. Bonnet of black silk and lace. A white feather droops over the top, and at one side is a large white rose, with buds and foliage.

No. 2.—Little girl's dress. Skirt of rose-colored silk. A bias band outlines a scalloped overskirt. Swiss muslin casaque. This has rounded fronts, a large and very full bouffant, and straight sleeves, slightly rounded at the outer seams. Rouleaux of rose-colored ribbon head the narrow ruffles. Above the opening at each side is a ribbon rosette, with floating ends. Smaller rosettes finish the sleeves. Ribbon bow at the neck. White chip hat. Rose-colored ribbon. White feather.



BONNET OF WHITE LACE.

A bonnet of white lace, trimmed with pale-yellow gros-grain ribbon. The ribbon is used, and the lace is gathered both on the inside and outside of the brim. A ribbon band crosses the front, is arranged in small loops at the sides, and forms the strings. At the top is a large yellow rose and leaves. A trailing spray of buds and foliage falls upon the drapery at the back.



HAT OF FINE ENGLISH STRAW.

A hat of fine English straw, with a high crown and narrow, slightly fluted border. A broad scarf of apricot-colored gauze passes around the crown and knots at the back. A leaf-shaped trimming of gauze, edged with very narrow blonde lace, covers the top, and upon this is a large cluster of geranium leaves and flowers.



JACKETS

Of clear white muslin trimmed with lace and velvet bows.



INITIAL LETTERS (SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY).



Front view of a braided upper skirt and saque. It can be made of wash goods braided with white and finished by a cotton fringe, or it can be made of plain colored or black cashmere, and be worn cool days during the summer.

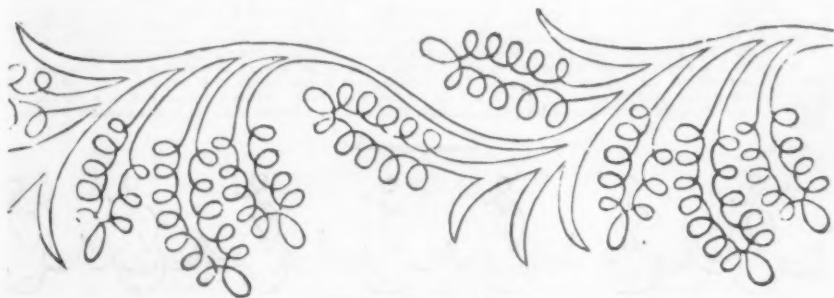


EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



ROUND SOFA-CUSHION.

Two pieces of muslin, each thirteen inches in diameter, are cut at the outer edges in eight curves, then run together at the back, turned over, and stuffed with sea-grass, feathers, or horsehair. Satin of two shades or of two distinct colors may be chosen. The cushion is covered with blue satin in the middle; round the edge is a blue satin puffing, two and a half inches wide, the place where it is sewn on being hidden on the front side by a satin roll. The applique and embroidery, standing out so effectively from the dark ground, is traced out on a piece of satin, eleven and one-fourth inches in diameter; the outlines are buttonholed round with gray silk, cutting away the stuff carefully between the arabesques. It is worked partly in a gimpure embroidery style, and with thick worked shell, herring-bone, and stalk-stitch. We must not forget to say that when the stuff is cut away at the back the work looks much better. The embroidered round is to be sewn on round the edge of the satin puffing, so that the stitches are not seen.



BRAIDING PATTERNS.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

A lady from the far West writes to us, making a request that we will give her some information in regard to children's fashions, saying that, "having left a fashionable place, and come to the 'backwoods,'" she is "lost in that respect."

We cannot help but feel that this lady is to be congratulated rather than pitied in the independence which she must enjoy in regard to prevailing modes. It must be so convenient and agreeable to dress solely with regard to health and comfort. We hardly know how to advise her, knowing neither her tastes nor pecuniary circumstances, and these should be always first consulted. But we will do the best we can, and, making our advice general, as it must necessarily be, it may be of use to other mothers similarly situated.

The very first consideration in the dress of children—a consideration to which every conscientious mother will compel fashion to bow—is that of their health and comfort. There must be no heavy weight of under-clothing depending from the waist. Everything in the dress of girls should hang loosely and freely from the shoulders. Waists, of course, there must be, but they must be loose, allowing for the full play and for the growth of the vital organs. A mother who will put a daughter into stays, is only excusable on the ground of ignorance of the sin she commits—an ignorance which is in itself culpable. Clothing must be warm for winter, and not only the chest but the extremities well protected. For summer, even, there should be no undue exposure. We are becoming every year more and more convinced of the folly which leaves the necks and arms of little girls exposed, on the supposition that it adds to their appearance. But what may be barely excusable in summer is downright wickedness in the cold of winter.

If our western friend wishes to dress her little girls in the height of the fashion, she has only to follow the fashion plates showing the dress for grown-up people. The little dolls who parade our fashionable avenues are perfect copies of their mammas in dress, save that their dresses are shortened, and that they invariably wear hats, while older persons wear bonnets if they wish. They wear flounces, puffed overskirts, broad sashes, dashing hats, and delicate kids, and carry tiny parasols, all as perfect in color and cut as the suit of any grown lady.

But this style seems hardly suited for the exigencies of the "backwoods," (or in our opinion for any place where there is a desire to retain any of the characteristics of childhood, hoping to train it up to a perfect, useful womanhood). It is not necessary to go to this extreme to dress a child prettily, sensibly, fashionably, and inexpensively also, if the latter is desirable.

The most economical materials for a girl's winter wear are plain or plaid wool goods that will wash. These are a little more expensive at first, but are cheaper in the long run, as they retain their beauty to the last. Merino, empress cloth, alpaca, all wool delain, and the better kinds of worsted poplin, are all serviceable. It is, in our opinion, money thrown away to buy a printed mousseline de laine, or plaid or striped goods which are part cotton, for washing ruins their looks.

For summer there is nothing prettier than common prints, percales, and chiptzes, and the plain white piques. Lawns are utterly unfit for a child, as they crumple too easily.

The present style of Dolly Varden, modified somewhat, of course, in its most extravagant features is extremely well adapted for a girl of any age from five upward. The Dolly Varden is simply an overdress cut skirt and waist together, and fitting to the waist, while the skirt is gored to considerable fullness. There is one back, two side pieces, and two fronts. To economise material, the waist and skirt may be cut separately and sewed together afterward without a cord, the top of the skirt being just wide enough to fit the body, without plaiting or gathering. The skirt is longer behind than in front, and may or may not be puffed up. A small cape or loose sack may be worn of the same material as the overdress. To be strictly a Dolly Varden this overdress should be of some gayly-colored material, the pattern being in wreaths and sprays. The underskirt should be plain, of a color matching or harmonizing. Or the skirt may be striped and the underskirt plain. This same style of dress is pretty in plain contrasting colors. We saw two little girls of ten or twelve wearing pea-green underskirts with pink overskirts scalloped around the edge and bound with white.

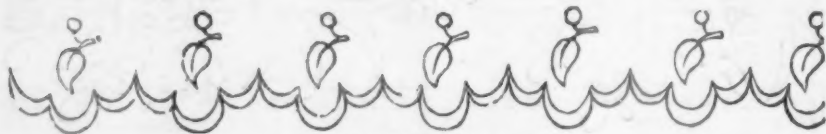
These costumes are suited for church, school, or home wear; are inexpensive, serviceable, and always pretty. Care must be taken in their selection that the colors are suited to the wearer, and to the different articles of the wardrobe. If sufficient care is taken in this matter, a small wardrobe may be made to do the service of a much larger one. Thus a pink overskirt, with hat trimmed to match, may be worn with an underskirt, either pink, white, gray, black, or green, while it cannot be worn with blue, yellow, orange, purple, or brown.

Girls of twelve or thereabouts wear their dresses moderately long, though, of course, the exact length is variable according to whether the girl is large or small of her age. As a general rule it is safe to say that the dress should reach nearly or quite to the tops of the high shoes now universally worn. Younger girls wear them much shorter, though we do not approve of the extremes.

Girls' hair is no longer cut short. It is worn in two braids hanging down the back; or if one cares to take the trouble it may be braided up over night in a multitude of small braids, and after unbraiding the next day and brushed carefully so as not to disturb its crimpiness, allowed to flow loosely over the shoulders.

A little boy's first suit consists simply of trousers buttoned to a waist. These trousers may be made short, reaching just below the knee, with fancy stockings for summer, and leggings for winter, and they may be trimmed down the sides, or plain. As he becomes a little older a jacket is substituted for the waist, or what is better, is worn over the waist. This jacket is short and may also be handsomely braided or plain. Jacket and trousers should be of the same material, and, if trimmed at all, trimmed to match.

A boy of ten wears his pantaloons long, and cut the same as for a man, though the jacket, minus its braiding, is retained for several years, yet. Velvetene makes a handsome and not very expensive suit for a boy of almost any age, though it will not do for everyday wear. For a summer suit of a very little boy there is nothing prettier than white pique, though this, too, for obvious reasons, is not suitable for daily wear.



EMBROIDERY.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

ARRANGED BY M. H. CROSS.

Furnished by F. A. NORTH & CO., 1026 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Allegro.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, often with grace notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating D major or A minor. The score ends with a final cadence in the fifth system.



ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1872.

MY HUSBAND JACK.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I DON'T know what was the matter with me that summer; I had not felt well for several weeks; had a pain through my temples and down my back, and was low-spirited, and—I might as well tell the whole truth, I was cross, and scolded, and found fault, and was everything but an agreeable wife and mother.

We lived on a farm, but my husband always did the milking, and fed the pigs, and carried water, and made my work so light that I had no cause to complain about being overworked.

When I scolded he said nothing in reply, but was calm and quiet. I thought I was the most unhappy woman in the world. I envied Mrs. Baldwin, who rode in her beautiful carriage behind two prancing bays, while I had to ride in a low, old-fashioned buggy without springs, a dingy, stained thing, drawn by two broad-backed, steady farm horses, one white and the other sorrel, with a white nose and white hind feet. Our turn-out looked sorry enough along side of the Baldwins', and I was silly enough to take that matter to heart, and almost daily dwell upon it.

I envied Dr. Blakelee's wife the natural curls that beautified her pretty face and shoulders, and Mrs. Carter her long silken coil of glossy brown hair, fully as thick as my wrist, that wound round and round her head, more superbly royal than any coronet of jewels. My own hair was thin, and, spread it out as I would, the fleshy color of my bare head would show through, raw, and pinky, and repulsive.

I did so much admire hazel eyes, large, and melting, and winsome—soft Italian eyes, that would make me dream of the balmy airs and the sunny skies of Italy. The Widow Webster,

she who lived in the little cottage among the elms—sweet, graceful, little lady-bird of a woman she was—she had that kind of eyes; and because she had them, and I had not, I didn't like her. My eyes were gray—just common gray, like almost any man or woman chances to have—and I did think that sometimes they were more green than gray, especially if I did not feel very well, and was in an unusually complaining, fretful mood.

I couldn't dress my baby pretty like other women did, because he was so poor and scrawny that there was no beauty in his bare neck and thin, blue arms. There seemed to be muscles along the sides of his neck that reached up to the corners of his mouth, and they were always stretched, and gave him the appearance of having slipped the hangman's knot. Poor little dear, when he cried he gave demonstrations with his ears, and down both sides of his neck, while the tip end of his nose turned right up. I imagined that other women's babies looked prettier when they cried than mine did when he was laughing or looking his sweetest.

My cup was all bitterness to me, and though there was sweetness mixed in it I neither saw nor tasted it.

One day when Jack, my husband—his name was John, but I thought Jack was so much the shorter name, and more easily spoken, that I always called him Jack, or Jacky, or Jackling, just as the mood was upon me—one day he was going up to Mansfield to buy himself a suit of new clothes, and when he kissed me good-by and smoothed my hair back off my forehead, and looked kindly into my eyes, he said: "Now if there's any little thing you want, say so, and I'll get it for you. Maybe you want a

new book to read—don't you want 'Gates Ajar,' or something of the kind?"

"Oh, no; I've no time to read, you know, with this cross little red head always clinging to my skirts with his cavernous mouth wide open, and the work to 'tend to, and the house to keep in order—no, don't spend your money in books."

"Don't you want a new dress, then?" said he, and his eyes looked sadly into mine.

"No; and if I did, I couldn't trust you to select one, you'd get green, or purple, or lilac, or some color that would make me look hideous enough. I never saw a man yet who could tell what color would suit his wife's complexion, and none of you are sharp enough to select a good piece of material that would wear well. Don't get me anything—buy yourself a suit of clothes; dear knows, you need 'em badly enough," and I looked down at his rusty suit of gray, threadbare, and shrunken, and shabby, the waistband button gone from his pantaloons, and not one left on his vest—both of which he had awkwardly replaced with pins, with the points sticking out where the heads should have been. "When I get to feeling well, if ever I do, then I want a broche shawl like Cousin Mary's, with a crimson centre and edge, and those large overlapping tropical leaves forming the ground-work. Oh, my! but that's a pretty shawl, and it is so large that it would quite cover me all over;" and I forgot and laughed in anticipation, and sparkled my eyes, just for an instant, however, then I settled back to my old self again, and bade him "good-by," and told him if he was late getting home he would have to eat a cold lunch, which he would find in the cupboard somewhere.

He started, and just reached the depot as the train whizzed into it.

The baby was cross that evening, and had an unusual crying spell; and I grew angry and whipped him, and then because he would not hush crying I cuffed his ears soundly, and commanded him to keep still. He put both of his thin little hands, spread out their widest, over his mouth, to try and keep the noise in. In his efforts he bent his head forward to stop the cry, and shifted the hands so as to make them cover his belligerent mouth the closest, and then he wailed out a sad calling cry of "Oh, my papa!"

I never loved children; caring for them I always thought a drudgery, and when my baby was first laid into my arms, my heart was not warmed towards it. I had not desired it, and

had no warm welcome to give it. But to-night I was amused to see him try to stifle his cries, and after I had watched him awhile, I said: "Now, if Herby will be a good boy and behave himself and go to sleep, he can come to mother's arms and be rocked."

He looked up at me in a pitiful, beseeching way, with the tears still running down his cheeks, and the two little spread-out hands covered over his mouth tightly, as he ran to me and buried his face in my bosom.

"Now, if I rock, you must hush right up," said I.

"Mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse," he gasped, brokenly, knowing that if I sang, his stifled cries would be unheard.

"No, I don't feel like singing," I replied, sternly. "You cried, and made mamma's head ache worse, and she can't sing to-night."

"Please, mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse," he pleaded out in a quivering voice, all broken with sobs.

"No, not to-night; Herbert was a bad boy, and mamma don't love him—when he sleeps and gets good, then she'll love him and sing all about two, three, four little mice."

"Oh my, mamma!" he broke out, plaintively, but I shook him, and scolded him, and rocked the harder, and at last the swaying of the rocker soothed him gently, and he fell asleep with his hands up to his mouth.

I moved them softly and crossed them on his bosom. His face was wet with tears, and the pearly drops were on his long-sweeping lashes, and every few breaths a sob would come that shook his whole frame. His lips were as red as coral, and his cheeks were purple, and a flush like that of fever lighted up his white forehead, while the veins in his temples were knotted and full, and the fine tracery that was barely visible in good health, like a delicate blue pencilling, now seemed like tenuous cords stretched to their utmost.

"I think the child's not well," I said to myself, as I slipped his little form off my arm and laid his head on the cool pillows. Late in the night, when my husband came home, he found me unhappy enough. The baby was tossing in delirium, and I was alone.

The doctor was called in and he pronounced it an attack of brain fever, brought on by some sudden revulsion, or fright, or excitement, and said he would be subject to such attacks until he became physically stronger. He staid with us until morning. Poor baby—how his cries did pierce my heart! He would shriek out, and then, as if suddenly remem-

bering, he would spread his hot, little hands over his mouth to still the noise. Then he would reach up, as though to touch my face, and say, brokenly, "Oh, peese mamma, sing 'bout a little mouse!" then again he would uplift his arms and wail out, "Oh, my papa!" in such a pitiful cry, as though it came from afar, and travelled over mountains and across valleys.

Oh, what a stern discipline was mine in those long days and nights in which my poor baby lay in the balance between life and death!

At last he was pronounced out of danger, and worn and wearied, but hopeful and patient, I gathered the little sufferer to my bosom and cried over him, repentant tears. He put both hands up to my face and feebly patted my cheeks and laughed in a dreamy, soul-sick way, just as though he did it to cheer me. No coral hue tinted his lips now, but the palest rose-leaf tinge, his eyes were sunken deeply, and the long lashes lay wearily over them.

One of the first things he asked me, was to sing about the little mouse—it appeared that those days seemed to him just one night, and that he remembered, as on the evening before, of asking for his favorite song. I sang it to him cheerily, and when I finished it he kissed me and said, "My good mamma."

He slowly recovered—the thin, reddish hair all came out, and instead came a beautiful crop of golden hair, that lay in clusters and rings and curls all over his head.

One evening when Herbert was first able to be lifted out of bed and to lie in his father's arms, I said: "Oh, Jack, I did forget all about your new clothes—where did you put your satchel that night—let me look at them."

"You will find it flung back under the closet-stairs, if no one has moved it," said he.

I took the lamp and peeped in and brought it forth. It was as full as it could hold.

I forgot myself, and said: "That's a real man's trick! don't you know, Jackling, that these nice new clothes of yours will be as wrinkled as old Granny Dogbury's face? now see if they're not, Jackey."

"Papa don't care for all the wrinkles in the world, so his darling gets well again; that's all he cares for," and Jack gathered the baby close up in his strong arms, until the thin little figure was almost lost in the heavy beard about his face. The bony, baby hands caught and buried themselves in the brown beard, and they both laughed, and played bo-peep, and

were enjoying themselves, while my face was turned away. I drew out a brown paper parcel and opened it, and out fell a pair of common gray jeans pantaloons. I opened my eyes quite wide enough to display all the white that was in them, but I only felt of the pantaloons, to make sure that they were common jeans, and simply said: "Oh, Jackling, Jackling!" I tipped up the satchel and another parcel fell out and burst open, and there was a coat of the same kind of material, good, common jeans, worth seventy or eighty cents a yard.

I stood and looked at him, my husband, one of those looks that measures a man and estimates him. I know it was an unkind look, but he glanced back at me, his face hidden behind the baby's head so that only his eyes peeped over, and the expression said something like, "how could you put such an estimate as that on me!"

"Why did you get a best suit of this cheap, cottony stuff, John," I said, deliberately pointing to the garments on the floor with one foot; "what did you mean?"

"I thought I couldn't afford anything better," said he, in a wounded manner, and he compressed his fine lips together.

"You said you had money enough to get a good suit—one that would do you for years. Oh, well! it corresponds with our buggy, and our match team, etc., etc., good enough for poor folks, but really I wish you'd gotten something a little better," and I drew my mouth down at the corners, and I'll warrant I looked ugly enough to turn any man's love away from me, even a good true husband's.

"Well, whenever you're ready to give the satchel another shake, do so," said he, quietly, and he commenced singing and rocking Herbert, who lay restfully in his arms.

"Oh! I didn't know there was anything else in it, but I suppose the vest comes next—likely one made of yellow canton flannel," and I laughed bitterly. I tipped the satchel over and shook out another paper, not a coarse brown one this time, it was soft and white, and the contents had not the wiry feel of jeans or any kind of goods with which I was familiar.

I untied the fine thread slowly, and unrolled the parcel, and there, with tints of gold, and crimson, and creamy white, and the plushiest of rich, mossy green-blended silk and worsted that was crisp to the touch of my astonished fingers, lay, unrolling itself in my lap, like a

loving thing of life—the coveted, admired broche shawl!

I took one look at it—one greedy, hungry, but satisfied look, and my eyes filled with tears until they brimmed over, and I ran and buried my ashamed face in Jack's bosom, and cried out: "Oh, you poor 'bused good fellow! There you went and put off your dear old self with a common, shabby suit of jeans, just so you could buy me that nice shawl! Why, Jacky, you're an angel of goodness! How can I bear to wear it when I know what it cost you, the best and most patient of husbands! Oh, Jackling, you old dear, I would have been served just right if, instead of getting that shawl, you'd gone and got a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper. I'm not half good enough for you, old darling of a blessing, you! Why I never expected such a gift in my life! And here I've been complaining, and fretting, and scolding all summer, and haven't done one good thing for you, or tried to make you happy!" And here I bawled right out into a hearty cry of honest sorrow and shame.

I looked on the serene-faced nobleman before me; he was always the same, not up in the blue heavens one day, almost floating on ecstatic wings, and the next day wading in the mire and soiling his garments and wiping away the tears of earth.

"Oh, don't cry, dear," he said, "and make yourself out to be such a good-for-nothing wife, while you exalt me to the heavens! I know that sometimes you have been fretful and low-spirited, but I was sorry for you all the time. I knew, with a cross baby and the pain in your head, that you could not be cheerful always; so don't underrate yourself; remember that you were my choice of all the women in the world; and I shall be real proud to wear my new suit of Kentucky jeans so that your long-time wish could be granted, and you could possess the beautiful shawl;" and he looked into my face so tenderly that I only cried the harder.

"Maybe the shawl won't fit you, who knows?" said he, and he sat Herby down in the rocking-chair and opened it fold after fold, the fine rich colors blending and contrasting together beautifully. Then he laid it over my shoulders gracefully, and it fell even down to the floor.

The overlapping, dark, tropical looking leaves were there, and the crimson centre, and the exquisitely wrought border, and the crisp fringe, and the very hearts of the royal purple red roses—a shawl magnificent enough

to have been worn by the old queens of long, long ago.

"My little princess!" said Jack, and he bowed before me, and then kissed my hand, and my forehead, and cheeks, and lips, and the dimple in my chin.

I felt ashamed of myself, and almost hung my head as I folded the shawl and laid it away reverently.

So, alone and in tears, I made good honest resolves; I built a wall of them all up around me; I should have made myself immaculate if I could, in my poor, human, blundering, blind way.

A week or two after the occurrence here related, I was invited to a quilting party at one of my neighbors. All the women of my acquaintance were there, old and young, grave and gay, giddy and sensible—just such an assemblage as one would gather together in a country neighborhood. We had very pleasant times and cheery talks, but in the afternoon Herbert grew restless, and one of the girls of the household told me to take him into the little bed-room off the porch and put him to sleep. To gratify him, I lay down on the bed beside him. Just at our feet was an open window, the sash taken out, over which a scarlet flowering bean grew luxuriantly, and covered the whole window with a tangle of quivering leaves and clusters of dazzling red flowers.

The pleasant hum of voices in the adjoining room, and on the porch just outside of the window, made a lulling sound that soothed the child into slumber.

The familiar tones of two of my old neighbors sitting on a bench under the window fell upon my ear distinctly. I did not hear what they said, neither did I listen, until the name of Jack was mentioned several times. There was no Jack in the whole township except my Jack, my good, kind Jackling, and I turned over away from Herby's breathing and laid my forehead on the window-sill, and heard what the two old cronies were so glibly discussing.

"Oh, it's a sore pity that he'd not married Jenny Hargrave instead of the one he did. He'd been thousands better off to-day. Jenny was better looking and smarter every way, and then she was so good natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "she's so whimsical, always an ache or a pain to mess and fret over; and then, even if she's well, why it's just scold, scold from morning till night; and no matter what he does for her he gets scolded in return. She growls if the weather is hot, and growls if it's cold, growls if it's wet and

growls if it's dry. My man says if he was in Jack's place it wouldn't be many evenings that he'd spend at home; he'd go to the tavern, or the store, or grocery, or some place where he wouldn't hear the noise of her tongue."

"Poor Jack, anybody would know by his meek, abused look, that he was henpecked," said the other; "and if there's anything in the world touches my heart, it is a mean-looking, cringing, henpecked husband. I always feel like giving him a clean shirt and a good piece of bread and butter, and wiping the tears out of his eyes, and saying: 'God pity and bless you, my poor fellow!'"

"Yes," said her companion; "and then she feels so important. If it wasn't for poor Jack's sake, I'd never set my foot inside her door. But then she was terribly wrought upon when her baby lay so low with that spell o' fever. Tom says he wouldn't wonder if it would do her good."

"Well, it is to be hoped so, for there's plenty of room for improvement," was the reply; "but, see here, would you sew this gusset right next to the band, or how?" and then the muslin rustled in their hands, and the conversation turned to "gusset and seam and band; band and gusset and seam."

I lay there with the cold drops of perspiration standing on my forehead, and my tongue and lips were dry and parched, while a great cry rolled up in my heart, as though it would break forth long and loud. But I sat up and clasped my hands, and thought: "Now, Dolly Norton, child, you know every word of all you have heard is true as Gospel. You have not been a good wife, you poor dear; and now you've seen yourself in a glass. You know what your honest neighbors think of you. It hurts, don't it? It's a bad tasting medicine to take; but right down with it, like a dear, good girl, and don't be angry; just go to work in earnest, and build all over anew. You will make a good, and true, and loving wife. You are not hurt at all—your selfish pride is wounded only, and that will do you good. The woman will become strong and brave, and will yet be an honor to her husband and a blessing to her baby."

And with this resolution I rose and stood beside the bed, and looked at my poor baby, and thought of my dear Jack at home, and I resolved, really and positively, that, God helping me, I would be a noble woman yet, and worthy the esteem of my neighbors.

This was the first step I took in which I did not slip backward.

That was years ago.

How well I have succeeded, my good neighbors can tell, and my husband and my fine blooming children.

They—husband and children and neighbors—are all that my heart could desire, and I am very happy and content with my lot.

Jacky's hair is streaked with gray, and the silvery threads lie thickly sown in the wealth of brown hair that is smoothly parted on my placid brow.

Jacky often whispers low in my ear the me sweet words that have grown familiar to me now: "I thank God for the good gift of you, my darling, darling wife; not a day passes in which I do not thank Him."

THE BENEFIT OF WORK.

SOME good people try to bring up their children so exquisitely, that when the children go out for themselves they have no self-control, and are immediately bankrupt. Let children make mistakes, and learn by their mistakes. Just in proportion as a child is worth anything he is full of force, and it must have an outlet. The damnation of thousands of young men is in bringing the full, fresh power of youth to the city, with no work for an outlet. They soon find something to do. O, the slaughter of young men! My heart is sick and heavy. Occupation—work that uses you, that fills you, is your salvation. There is nothing more dangerous than an educated community with nothing to do. There are thousands of educated women who do not work. No doubt God intended that men and women should marry. But in the inequalities of the present condition of society many women cannot be married. If these women are in feeble health, or have little force, there is not much trouble; but I don't wonder that the bold, eagle-like natures fret in their limits and detest life, or that the great hearts dash themselves out in waste. There must be outlet for these immense forces, or society will go on getting worse and worse to the end.—*Becher.*

GETTING into debt is getting into a tangle-some net; but do not be disheartened; the next best thing to keeping out of debt, is to get out of it as quickly as possible, and I do not see any reason why, if your health is spared, you should not set all to rights yet.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CATHERINE.

A REMINISCENCE OF SCHOOL-LIFE IN PARIS.

BY M. R.

FOR the next scene the garden furniture was restored to its place.

A pair of Scottish cousins, about fifteen, Margaret McVicker and Ellen Craig, one a Highland chieftain's daughter, and the other the only child of an Aberdeen merchant, were to present the pretty, touching colloquy entitled "The Sisters."

Margaret—we knew her by her pet name of "Daisy," was of slender shape, exquisitely beautiful features, dark blue eyes, small but keen and sweet, a marvellous quantity of fine, wavy, brown hair, and delicately-pencilled eyebrows.

I have seldom seen a young person so little interesting in mind or character, but she looked the impersonation of every gentle, feminine quality.

Ellen was a noble, generous, enthusiastic creature; not less beautiful than Daisy in face and figure, she had an *unmistakable* stamp of goodness and truth in her whole appearance. Her hair was of pale gold, brushed back, as she always wore it, from a round, fine forehead. Her features were slender and a little long, almost the counterpart of those of the Empress Eugenie, which pictures have made so familiar. But Ellen had fine, jet-black eyes, and the richest bloom of the north on her delicately-rounded cheeks. The difference in the tone of her complexion almost destroyed the resemblance which likeness in the lineaments suggested.

Ellen wore a dress of white satin, over which was thrown a scarf, draped from the left shoulder, of Scottish tartan—scarlet, green, purple, and silver. A large silver clasp held the folds on the breast, another on the shoulder, and a third fastened the crossed ends, below the waist, on the right side silver fringe, rich and deep, fell to the bottom of the dress, and silver buckles shone on the tiny, white satin slippers.

Daisy's dress was of black velvet, with close sleeves, over which long, open ones fell to the edge of her robe. The latter was bordered with a golden vine-pattern, the same being repeated on the open sleeves, the wrists, the square-cut waist, and the deeply-pointed girdle.

Her rich hair was braided at the ear, and passed round her small, finely-shaped head. A little golden arrow *seemed* to confine it there. It lay on her low, classic forehead, like a diadem.

An open jewel-box was placed (conspicuously) on the crimson shawl that was thrown over the *jardiniere*, a rope of pearls (which looked as costly as those famous ones M. Disraeli's wealthy hero bought for the "divine Theodora,") and a heavy cross, suspended by a chain of gold, appeared on the velvet cushion, within it. A guitar (in place of the *lute* demanded by the text,) leaned against the rustic bench on which Daisy was seated.

It was *she* who was to represent the heart-broken elder sister, who resolves to retire to a convent, and who offers to the young *debutante* she leaves behind, her share of their mother's dying gifts.

Each actress played her part as if the circumstance and sentiment were her own.

The song, and the slight guitar accompaniment, adapted to it by Katinka, were sweetly and timidly given by Ellen, her youthful face all aglow with feeling, as she sung.

When the curtain fell on the sisters, clinging to each other in a close embrace, with eyes and cheeks that *looked* all sensibility, the applause was long and deep.

The fair performers were called forward, and made their dutiful courtesies with bashful grace. Here occurred a pretty incident. Ellen stood for a moment after Daisy had stepped from the platform, seeking with her eyes her two helpful friends, Katinka, and the modest Mademoiselle Condet, the accomplished mistress in elocution. They were together, near the *directress*, who sat amidst a group of distinguished guests, not far from the platform. Ellen quietly, but with rising color, singled these three with one of her beaming glances, and made a very deep and graceful reverence. Then, letting her eyes fall, she quietly left the stage. People thought there was a *moral* and a *social* grace in this pointed acknowledgment.

Then came a call for Lily C—, the young American who had rendered "Bernardo del Carpio" a little before.

Led by her brother, a pretty lad of seven, our young countrywoman appeared, with an air of unconsciousness and self-possession, as complete as if she were greeting a half-dozen of her school-mates. She wore a white cashmere dress, with swan's-down at the throat and wrists, her own blonde tresses her only ornament. Just bending her stately head, she gave a quiet, unhurried glance round the gallery, and passed to her place among the school-girls.

Again the scene was exposed. This time a young girl in Oriental costume stood alone on the swarded platform.

This was Clementine de Massy, a relative on her father's side, of our beloved directress. On the mother's, she was the daughter of a long line of mandarins. Her features were genuinely Tartar. Her complexion was of a pale, not sallow, olive; her eyes small, black, a little obliquely-set; her hair, worn in two glossy braids, reached, of its own honest length, almost to the knee. Her round, beautiful arms, seen through sleeves of silvery gauze, were decorated with bracelets above the elbow, as well as at the wrist.

She wore a rose-colored gauze jacket over white silk; green Turkish trousers, striped with silver; a pair of pointed shoes, of rose-colored satin, with gilded heels, and a thin scarf of rose and silver, twisted lightly about the head, and descending with its silver-fringe below her shoulders. It was the most picturesque figure we had yet seen. The dress had been composed expressly to suit her style of figure and complexion—her own superb Chinese costumes, of which she had several, were far less effective and becoming.

Miss de Massy was to recite "The Palm," a poem in which the picturesque lends itself very happily to the most natural and universal sentiment. A young stranger from the East, an alien among the pomps and beauties of Paris—as Paris was, *altes!*—finds suddenly a palm, the tree of his own country, among the garden-splendors of the place of his exile.

Home, childhood, his mother's kiss, his father's smiles, come rushing over his soul as he recognizes this dendral compatriot. In the words of our own Poet of the Orient:

"A brother to him was the princely palm,
For he could not live alone!"

In a voice of the sweetest intonation and the purest accent, Clementine delivered the impassioned words of the poem. Her action was full of fire and feeling, her dress and her Eastern type of countenance completed the witchery of the illusion.

I wish I could tell you that a stately young palm-tree, the *hero* of the scene, stood beside her as she spoke; that the curtain fell, leaving her on her knees beside it, her fine arms folded round its slender stem.

Our interest with our lady's friend, the under-director of the *Jardin des Plantes*, or rather *his* with the administration, was not quite strong enough to bring about such a costly loan.

(We could as easily have borrowed the single American hemlock, which we found in a place of distinction, a green hill-slope in the sacred grounds, and which brought all the Susquehanna hills and vales around us, as we stopped to greet it!)

First silence, then a storm of applause, then Clementine was led away by her relative, quite proud that her Mongolian cousin had been recognized as the pride of the entertainment (into which she had been not introduced without some little hesitation).

The curtain rose next on an empty platform. But presently appeared a slender, graceful figure, in a dress such as Bayard Taylor describes in his account of the Empress of Russia's new year's day reception of the peeresses of her realm. Olga Petrowna had furnished the idea, and whatever was peculiar in the decorations, from her mother's costume, worn at one of those occasions in her youth. The Muscovite dress was worn by Irma de Balch, herself a countess of the empire, but educated in the West, and as yet a stranger to her own country.

Her mother, of still higher title, a Greek of Scio, sat a delighted spectator, near the directress and her daughter.

Irma was as ugly as one can be who has fine eyes, teeth, and figure. She was also, let me hasten to say, as fascinating as a creature of undisciplined character, enthusiastic temperament and wonderful talent, may be, when no consciousness of personal deficiency interferes with agreeable self-appreciation. She wore violet velvet, with a long train of delicate green, fringed with gold. A sort of crescent, of darker green, surmounted the head, from ear to ear; and, at the outer rim of this shone a curve of jewels—her mother's diamonds, a few enormous pearls—real, this time—and some rose-tinted coral. A pale, purple scarf, of thin illusion, was knotted about the slender waist, and fastened by a string of Roman pearls at the left side.

Irma led by the hand a pale, black-haired child of ten, in the dress of one of her own young brothers, who were both pages at the

Court of the Czar. This was little Elise Pulezli, the youngest pupil except Olga Vorchakoff. She had been brought to the directress at six years old, from the far-away plains of Wallachia. Elise was a tiny creature, without one single trace of prettiness, but graceful as a fairy, and so wild, capricious, exacting, and perverse, that she made us forget her want of child-like beauty. It seemed impossible one who had not even a pretty face to bribe unfavorable criticism with, could dare be so disagreeable. Now she looked as picturesque as one could wish in her dress of green and gold, and with her plumed hat and white satin sash. The piece was entitled, "The Adopted Child."

A pleasant boy, transplanted from the hill-side cottage of his low-born parents, finds himself homesick and desolate in the palace of a princely protectress. The lady tries to console the poor little exile by contrasting the bare and unlovely aspects of his cottage home with the commodious and splendid dwelling to which she has brought him.

He clings to the simple joys which had satisfied his heart; to the sports he had shared with his little brothers; his mother's twilight song; the smile on the sleeping face of his baby sister. And when the lady tells him how that kindred circle has been broken by death, and dispersed by necessity, he still clutches the memory of the scenes of his first enjoyments, and closes each eloquent appeal with the refrain:

"Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!"

The dialogue was most expressively delivered. Many eyes were wet, many whispered voices commented on the appropriateness of the role of little Elise, and ventured the supposition that the excellence of her rendering was due to the *heim-wohl* of a heart, not at rest in its environments.

We who knew the little hoyden, knew that a more mischievous little sprite never enacted the parrot or the monkey in school-room or recreation-hall; her distant home was faded into a myth through her long absence, and her little motherless, sisterless heart had found the indulgence and tenderness of mother and sisters in that pleasant dwelling in the heart of the western city.

The next apparition on the swarded stage was a figure in a costume composed from the peasant dress of Venice and that of Naples. White satin headdress, held by a band of golden coils; crimson velvet bodice, with white sleeves; green apron, adorned with Roman scarfs, in white, red, and silver; and

short white satin skirt, with a stripe of green and silver at the bottom. Pearls and coral, alternated with beads of gold, at throat, wrists, and waist. Her hair, her own by the grace of bountiful mother nature, in heavy braids, with rose-buds and glossy periwinkle leaves woven into the strands, fell to the waist.

Costanza Denza was seventeen that day; she was one of the children of Santa Caterina. Her home was at Messina, where she soon after saw the triumphal entrance of Garibaldi, with whom her family, and her own fervent young heart as well, were in complete political sympathy.

Costanza was the only one of the performers of the evening who was entirely unacquainted with the English. Her friend, the Italian and German professor (a lady, by the way, and an Austrian baroness, yet a most fanatical devotee of Italian unity and independence), had translated, for the evening's entertainment, Mrs. Hemans' poem, commencing:

"Rome, Rome, thou art no more."

And it was in the language of Tasso and of Victoria Colonna that we now heard the inspiring words breathed forth. For the benefit of the English present, the original was distributed through the company, beautifully written in the exquisite chirography of our Chinese Clementine.

The voice of Costanza was full and clear; her gestures were free and animated. She was a Roman in figure and face—a Roman of the days of Cornelia. Her features were slightly aquiline, her mouth small, red, firm, and sweet. If you have seen *Annie Dickinson* in her moments of self-forgetting inspiration, you have experienced the same impression we received from the performance of the impassioned Italian girl.

To Costanza, the recitation had been more than a performance; she left the stage with a dejected air, bent head, and drooping arms. Called back by applause, all the more cordial from the friendly relations then subsisting between the French and Italy, she returned with faltering steps. Her eyes were full of tears, and she forgot to acknowledge the compliments of the auditory. Her friend, the Baroness P—, herself in some degree a martyr of Italian freedom, comprehended her emotion. She stepped to her side, passed her arm round her waist, and whispered in her ear. Costanza curtsied and left the platform.

When the curtain rose again, trees had been added, lights removed, a portion of an Indian wigwam, half covered with boughs, imple-

ments and trophies of wood-craft, and at the top a cross, overwreathed with vines, appeared at one corner of the stage. Starry white flowers, not of nature's rearing, silver-banded quivers, golden-tipped arrows, took sharp hold of the diminished light.

The scene was in the Canadian Forest, near the lodge of a Moravian missionary.

The poem was a colloquy between the teacher and one of his Indian converts. It is entitled "The Indian's revenge."

I seldom find a copy of it in the collected works of the author, but it was furnished for the occasion by a school girl, who had found it in one of our American school-readers.

The words are beautiful and deeply touching; all the more so when, as to-night, a pretty liberal pruning of lines, elegant, of course, but less striking on the stage, had been effected.

Our personnel consisted of a pair of Spanish señoritas—one from the north, a pure Gothic blonde—the other of the Andalusian type—the type we usually mean when we say the *Spanish*. Cora Bianco was about eighteen; her hair was of the richest auburn, touched both with fire and gold. Her eyes large, blue, clear and pure as the Shakespearian gray; her complexion of snow and sunset, the very richest combination of red and white; her features straight, yet not narrow, her hands slender and white, dimpled, and satiny.

This was the Moravian missionary. Her dress was modelled after a photograph of one of the "Brothers" of Nazareth, in Pennsylvania. It was a black robe, with cape, scarf, collar, like an English priest's, and black hat, much like those of the English University doctors, square, caught up with cord and tassels, at one side.

The full, wavy locks fell over the shoulders, but powder disguised their splendid hue, and toned down the red of the brilliant cheek.

The good missionary appears alone, before his wigwam-door, at nightfall. He soliloquizes, comparing the dead loneliness of an American forest to the cottage-dotted *walds* of his distant European fatherland. Presently he hears the rustle of approaching footsteps. The sachem, *Enonio*, appears. A tall, slender form, long, straight, black hair, floating from the white-fur band, round the head, a complete Indian costume, in rich and gorgeous colors, a girdle and shoulder-belt of chenille scarfs, which nearly resemble wampum, a tomahawk, bow and arrow at shoulders, plumes rising in

a circle from the head-band, and a gaudy bird of black, crimson, and gold perched above the brow.

Such was the figure of the other personage of the little drama.

Dolores Pradilla, the *sachem* of the scene, was a graduate of the Pension. She had consented to aid us, in compliment to the queen of the revels, her special protectress when she had come, a very homesick little stranger of twelve, to finish, or rather to undertake, her education at the institution of mademoiselle's mother. The gentle daughter of the house had then been young, sprightly, and beautiful. Dolores had attached her desolate little heart to the petted young lady of the family with all the tenacity of a child's love and liking for a stately and lovely woman. And so the elegant belle of the empress's ball-rooms had come to lay the tribute of aid and homage at the feet of the faded idol of her childhood. Miss Pradilla was dark to swarthiness, with large black eyes, straight brows, no trace of color, except on the small full mouth, where the richest scarlet contrasted with the snow of tiny teeth. She was far from handsome, except as dress, pose, self-reliance, and the wish to please—don't you doubt that, dear girls, it is the one thing, not in the Bible, that is *infallible*! make any and every woman handsome, provided she has no real deformity.

"And then?"

Then, *soul* is needed, culture (of character, if not of mind,) angelic goodness, patience, self-forgetting charity! With these, believe me again, for I know, even deformity is only a tender ornament. *Beauty* (beyond all that shapeliness or color give,) lies, falls, clings round such a woman, like a spell!

Dolores would have been astonished to be the text of such a sermon; she was the very cynosure of admiring eyes of old and young, beaux and babies. For she would take off a splendid court-dress, and send back the carriage waiting to take her to the presence of imperial beauty, to soothe a restless child, or read to an aged servant, or finish a sick school-girl's embroidery, intended for a mother's *fete* day, or to aid her pretty Jewish maid to prepare the wax-work flowers, to deck the Passover table for her homely and humble family of lowly tradespeople.

Well, it was *she* who stole, with the lithe suppleness of a serpent, on the solitude of the good missionary. Her English was by no means perfect, but perhaps it was good enough for the sachem of the Canadian wilds. Cora's,

too, was imperfect, but perhaps the pious Moravian's would have been no purer.

Enonio, as I have said, had been a convert, but his faith had experienced, and yielded under, the shock of a terrible sorrow.

Estranged from a beloved brother, on account of that brother's earlier conversion, Enonio had left his accustomed hunting-grounds, and wandered, unhappy and restless, to these wilds of the St. Lawrence. Here he had met, and fallen under the pious influence of the good teacher. He returned, a Christian, to meet and seek a reconciliation with his brother. He finds his grave. A friend of youth, grown, through malignant misrepresentations, to be an enemy, had slain him in his sleep! Enonio renounces his new belief, and devotes himself to vengeance on his murderer. Here the colloquy opens. The missionary tries to dissuade him from his project, and to turn him back to sentiments of charity and forgiveness.

The dialogue is picturesque and animated; the contrast of mild and tender, with ferocious, not unminged with generous, feeling, make a splendid picture.

The two Spaniards were both Protestants; both entered with unrestrained sympathy into the spirit of the scene.

When Enonio, overcome by the Moravian's tender appeals, at last yields to the power of gentler emotions, and, unfastening his weapons from the belt, gives them to the hands of the good teacher, the actors were interrupted by tumultuous applause. Tears, from even manly, even martial eyes, paid the tribute of humanity to that "good time coming," when the nations "shall not learn war any more."

(To be continued.)

LACE.

DURING the fifteenth century the nuns in Italy became famous for the exquisitely-manipulated points or pillow lace. The origin of this famous lace is quite romantic. The story is, that a sailor brought to his lady-love a splendid bunch of "mermaid's-lace," which is generally called "coralline." The girl was a lace-maker, and exceedingly artistic in her taste. She greatly admired the delicate beauty of the coralline, and studied to imitate in lace the beautiful lines of the sea-weed. This kind of lace is made entirely upon a pillow or cushion, which the workwoman holds on her lap. Over the pillow is placed a piece of

parchment: upon this the pattern is pricked. The threads are carefully wound upon several bobbins. The process requires nimble and skillful fingers, and a great deal of patience. The groundworks are quite various, and contain the flower. There are several laces that are not worked upon a ground. Valenciennes and Mechlin laces have the designs and ground made together, and finished with either the pearl or Picot edge.

At one period Guipures were the mode. During the reign of Henry VIII., this lace was so extensively worn, that the costumes of pages were covered with this costly garniture. And at the coronation of Henry II. the church was richly trimmed with guipure lace.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, Brussels lace was first introduced to the *beau monde*. The manufacture of this lace is a sort of "jobbing" affair. The manipulation of it is very complicated, every part being made separately. The thread is exceedingly fine; from one pound of flax there can be manufactured lace to the value of seven hundred pounds sterling. Valenciennes became known in the seventeenth century. The finest qualities are from Ypres. It requires great patience to make Valenciennes. The work is very slow. A good lace-maker, working twelve hours a day, can only make one-third of an inch a week.

Alençon, the queen of laces, is the only lace in France that is made on a pillow. This lace has great strength, and is not injured by washing. The French Revolution was the destroyer of lace manufacturers, but under Napoleon I., Alençon was again received with favor. The emperor purchased a dress of this costly lace for seventy thousand francs, and presented it to the empress.

Honiton lace was introduced into England by Flemish refugees. This style of *dentelle* owes its great reputation to its sprigs, which are *appliqué* work on a costly and beautiful ground. Queen Adelaide first patronized the Honiton lace-makers. The queen gave an order for a lace dress, and that the flowers should be all copied from nature. The skirt was adorned with wreaths of flowers—the initial of each sprig forming the name of her majesty. Amaranth, Daphne, Eglantine, Lilac, Auricula, Ivy, Dahlia, Eglantine. Queen Victoria's bridal-dress was made of Honiton lace, and cost one thousand pounds.

An inch of rain falling upon an acre of land weighs about one hundred tons.

COMPANY TO TEA.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

WHAT can be the matter with the Reynolds family? Some severe trial must have befallen, or at least, you say, the apprehension of it broods over them; for not a member, from its lawful head, Mr. Reynolds, down to the Maltese cat, Tom, seems to have his wits about him, or feel quite sure he has a right to be anywhere. Mr. Reynolds swallows his coffee and dispatches his buckwheats in silence, and, not waiting to read his newspaper by his own fire as usual, dons hat and overcoat, and takes up a Reynolds quickstep for the store, internally vowing to dine down town.

Mrs. Reynolds, with a brow not unruffled, an eye not serene, and tones not measured, is bustling about, finding fault with children and servants, who in their turn are cross or sulky; and pusses leaps to the window-sill, or scuds down the back stairway, as if blue imps were after him.

What can be the matter? Oh, it's happened before, and will many times, probably—they all live through it. It's only—Mrs. Reynolds expects company to tea.

"Mother," says Johnny, "please help me find Lyons on the map; just this one, mother!"

"Look for it yourself; I'm not going to learn your lesson for you."

"But I have looked, mother."

"Look more, then, and don't tease."

"I've looked a quarter of an hour, mother, by the clock, and I can't find it. I shall miss if you won't help me. Oh, dear!"

The child began to cry; but, instead of moving his mother to pity, this only irritated her, and with a sharp word and vigorous slap she sent him off, still crying, to school.

Pretty soon little Effie wanted to go out-doors and play; and her mother, glad to "get her out of the way," consented readily; but when the child needed assistance, it was a hurried and not gentle hand that tied her hood and fastened two buttons of her coat.

"Now, where are your mittens?"

"I don't know, mamma; please find them for me, wont you?" plead the little voice.

"I'm sure I've no time to hunt up mittens. What did you lose 'em for? You'll have to stay in or go without now."

Tears stood for a moment in Effie's black eyes, but an angry frown chased them away,

and her mother, had she not been too busy, might have heard the child say, as she shut the door with a bang: "I hate you, you old, ugly thing."

Mrs. Reynolds had just weighed her butter and sugar for pound cake, when in came Effie crying with cold fingers.

"Oh, dear, if it isn't enough to put Job out of patience!" she exclaimed; and giving Effie a slight shake, she deposited her in her small rocking-chair by the fire, telling her to sit still. But it was not in child-nature to keep this command any length of time, and Effie was soon "under foot" again, wanting some of the pastry her mother was rolling out for tarts to make a doll's pie, and getting her hands slapped for helping herself to dried currants. At last, when the nicely-beaten eggs were some way tipped over, Mrs. Reynolds quite lost her temper, gave the child a whipping and sent her up-stairs.

The silver tea-service was brought down and polished, the best china taken out, and the cookery went on with a few interruptions, such as the breaking of half a dozen dishes, Effie's having a tumble that nearly broke her head, and callers, whom Mrs. Reynolds greeted with a smiling face, and in her heart wished "to Jericho," or worse.

The dinner that day—well, it wouldn't be worth while to write out the bill of fare, or to dwell on the condition of table or tempers.

However, a few hours later, the tea-table stood in resplendent array, and loaded with luxuries. The children were elegantly dressed, and charged beforehand to be careful of their clothes, and keep on their company manners, with many an intimation of what might befall them if they did not. Mrs. Reynolds herself, in her best silk and laces, her hair in the latest style, received her guests with her wonted dignity and grace. But really she was tired, nervous, and anxious. Only by a severe effort could she converse at all, and that on trivial topics—a mere surface-talk, that held no food for thought, no mental stimulus or refreshment; and, worse, was not wholly free from the poison breath of scandal. When the company departed, a sigh of weariness and one honest utterance burst from her lips: "Well, I'm glad it's over."

"I wish I were sure of that," was Mr. Reynolds's mental comment in confidence, to himself; "but I'll not stay at home much to-morrow or next day. Our barometer always goes down with a tea-party."

"Anne," said Mr. Grant, "our old friends, the Williamses, are in town."

"Are they? I'm very glad," was the quick response. "How did you learn it?"

"Williams came into my store this morning; they arrived in last night's boat, and are stopping at — House."

"Let's call this evening, wont we?"

"Yes; I thought you would like to do so."

"Of course, and will invite them to tea to-morrow. And whom would they be most pleased to meet? You know better than I with whom of our friends they are best acquainted." And before dinner was over Anne's plan for her tea-party was all arranged.

"What a pleasant call," said Mrs. Williams to her husband, after Mr. and Mrs. Grant had left. "I do hope to-morrow will be fair, I should like so much to visit them."

The next morning was clear and bright. Mrs. Grant gave her husband a few light commissions to attend to on his way down-town, but the inviting breakfast-table and sunny faces of wife and children presented no such reason as his neighbor Reynolds had for "hurrying off."

"Willie," said the mother, "I should like you to start for school a little earlier than usual this morning, and ask Mr. Leonard—(our grocer, you know)—to send me the articles on this paper," handing him a memorandum.

"Yes, mother," answered the boy, cheerfully. "Come, Susie, you'll go now, wont you, with me?"

"Yes, if mamma will untie this knot," said Susie, pulling at her hood-ribbons.

"Patience a moment, dear," said Mrs. Grant, as she picked away; "there, it's out; and try not to get them knotted again—you only need to tie and untie them slowly and carefully," and with good-by kisses the children tripped merrily off to school.

The next thing to be done was to establish baby on an old bed-quilt, with pillows around him, and his playthings within his reach, and then Mrs. Grant went about her cookery in earnest. Not so many things as Mrs. Reynolds thought needful, but what she had was the best of its kind, and she attempted no more than she could easily accomplish without neglecting any of her duties. Baby had his nap in due time; dinner was ready punctually, and as

good as usual, for the cook had not been "flustered" or "put off her track" by the mistress's irritability or bustle, and the hour went by as it did every day, in cheerful home intercourse.

Mr. Grant, when he returned from his store at evening, found his wife in the midst of their guests, attired with good taste, cheerful and animated, and conversing freely and intelligently, while the children, well dressed and quiet, were amusing themselves at a small table, with games and pictures.

In a little time the tea-bell rang. Mrs. Grant's damask, silver and china, though less showy, were quite as inviting as Mrs. Reynolds's, and the fare, prepared without the toil or anxiety hers cost, was fully satisfactory to all.

Mrs. Grant quietly poured tea, while her husband dispensed hot oysters and passed the light biscuit, and her cake and sweetmeats, though less in variety, were quite as nice as those of her neighbor.

But here it was not, as at Mrs. Reynolds's, the one great thing the guests had come to do, to eat their supper. That was thoroughly enjoyed, as Mrs. Grant, in her genuine kindness, had tried to have it, but the pleasant meeting of old friends, the conversation in its mental depth and richness, the music and engravings that enhanced the evening's enjoyment—these were greater attractions, and far beyond Mrs. Reynolds's scope.

"Good-night, Mrs. Grant, we've had a delightful time," Mrs. Williams said, as she warmly clasped her hand at parting; and her words were sincere.

Nor did Anne say to her husband: "I'm glad it's over."

She said only: "I'm glad we're not boarding, as we were last year. It is a real comfort to have our friends come to see us in our own house."

Well, people are of two sorts, even in the minor matters of life—not excepting

COMPANY TO TEA.

WHY IS IT UNSAFE TO RUN OR DRIVE FAST DURING A THUNDER STORM?—It is very improper and dangerous to run or drive fast in a thunder storm, for this reason: The running or driving produces a current of air, and when air is agitated, it affords very little resistance to a shock of lighting, because it is a better conductor when in motion than when at rest.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPBESSIWAY FOTTS.

No. XV.

EVERYBODY likes my old Yankee corn-meal puddings, and I have often been asked to give my recipe. It is not my own. I got it years and years ago of Grandma Segur, and we have used it ever since.

Scald one quart of new milk, when it boils, thicken with a pint of cornmeal, take from the fire, thin with cold milk, until it is about the consistency of batter, then add two well-beaten eggs, a cup of raisins, sugar, salt, and cinnamon. Bake two hours in an oven not too hot.

The schoolma'am came to visit us again and we did have a nice time sitting out on the porch cutting carpet rags and visiting together. As usual, she told me something new. I said I didn't see what we could take to make a grayish, brownish, darkish stripe in the carpet unless it was my old threadbare water-proof dress, that I had worn three winters. It is almost as good as ever, not patched, or burnt, or torn, just seedy and shabby. Ida brought it out and the schoolma'am said it would never do to cut such a good piece of cloth into strips—that if it was hers she would rip it to pieces, wash and press it nicely, and make it up turned the wrong side out.

She said it would be good economy, and that worn with a trim silk apron and a neat linen collar it would look like a new style of dress goods.

It cost fourteen shillings a yard, and was so good and the wrong side so new and rare, that I thanked her for her advice, and put it away until next fall.

While she staid we made molasses candy, her way, and we had so much fun laughing and cutting up and saying funny things that we've hardly smoothed the laughter out of our faces yet.

She took two cups of good molasses, one cup of white sugar, lump of butter the size of a hickory-nut, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. She boiled it slowly about twenty minutes, stirring all the time, then poured it into an earthen dish well buttered, and as soon as it was cool enough we worked it and made it into sticks.

While she was here she cleaned Jonathan's gold watch chain and the girls' ear-drops. She

put them in a small glass bottle with warm soap-suds and a little prepared chalk, shook them well, then rinsed in clean cold water and wiped dry on a soft linen towel. Any jewelry that can be immersed in soap-suds without injury can be cleaned beautifully by this means. But if the gold is not good the alkali will find it out for you.

This is the best way to clean jewelry of intricate workmanship.

At this season of the year, say in May or June, there is nothing that comes to the table any nicer than cold, well-made custards, and delicate custard pies. Modesty forbids me to say whether mine are good or not, but I make them this way: to a quart of morning's milk, or milk not skimmed, take three fresh eggs, and three heaping spoonfuls of white sugar, all well beaten and stirred. Let the oven be moderately hot, or let it come to the baking heat gradually, and by no means permit the custard to boil, if you do it will separate, and instead of being like a fine jelly, it will be a sweet watery curd.

This quart bowl full will just make three pies. Let the crust be fine and rather short, and the oven hot enough that they will begin to bake as soon as they are put into it. They must be eaten the same day they are baked, and just before they go to the table grate nutmeg over them. Lift the pieces carefully so as not to break them when you place them on the pie-plates. A great deal depends on having food appear appetizing. Some women are very thoughtless about this, and will hustle the provision upon the table quite as carelessly as a man would pour corn into a manger.

In warming over victuals be sure that you don't dish them upon the same plate again without washing it. It is a careless trick. Don't put any dish upon the table with the tracks of yesterday's dinner yet visible around the edges.

Change the butter-plate every day; and let the children have the cream that is left so you can wash the pitcher and have it bright and fresh for the next time.

These are not homely truths unworthy the

heeding. There is beauty and poetry in the commonest things, if we will but see it. Nothing that our hands touch is little, or meaningless, or unworthy, unless we make it so. It is well to remember and apply the fable of the princess, whose words when they fell from her charmed lips changed to beautiful pearls.

Another item of food that comes to our tables in May and June is both good and pretty, if made well. I allude to curd cheese, called Dutch or buttermilk cheese by some. I don't mean that sort which is often seen hanging out in the back yard, suspended like a dubious wallet of dripping something, hanging out to drain just within reach of the young 'uns heads while they are playing. This is the way to make it right:

Let a crock or two of good sweet milk get sour and thick—say two gallons of it—then dip carefully with a large saucer into a porcelain-lined kettle, and set it on the stove, or stand it on the stove hearth in front, and turn it around occasionally, handling carefully so as not to break the curd much. After it is hot, and begins to form a curd all around the edges, take a spoon and gently turn it about to make it heat alike all through. After the curd is all formed, and the whey scalding hot, not boiling, tip the kettle sideways, and slowly drain off the whey and press it somewhat, but not dry. Add a pinch of salt and a lump of good butter, nearly a half pound. Let your hands be as clean as warm water will make them; then use one to work the cheese well; taste and see that it is salt enough. When well worked, roll in balls; press lightly in the palms of your hands, so that it will merely adhere in balls without pressing out the moisture; lay them in a deep dish and set it away in the coolest corner of your cellar or spring-house. Just before it comes to the table mash a ball or two, and if it lacks moisture stir a few spoonfuls of sweet cream into it; and the last thing before you tell the family to come to the table, pour about a half cupful of rich cream over it; lay the bright spoon beside the white dish, and you have an excellent and pretty and sensible article of food.

I wouldn't enter thus into the details, only that curd cheese has fallen into disgrace, just because so many women slam it through when they make it as carelessly as though it were only meant for turkey feed. If made right, it's the prettiest May dish of food that comes to the table.

I don't know, perhaps it is silly, but I always think the kinds of food are best in warm

weather that suggest green fields, and clover pastures, and limpid pools, and purling brooks, and hillside springs, and shady dells, and breezy orchards, and green leaves, and em-purpling vines. Yes, and garnet clusters, and the ruby, and topaz, and amethyst, and emerald, and beryl, and turquoise, and cornelian; the good and beautiful fruits and berries that glow, and gleam, and shine like clusters of jewels.

The way dried fruits are stewed generally they are not fit for food. Put two or three single handfuls on to stew in water not quite boiling; shake the stew-pan occasionally; when about half done, put in two spoonfuls of sugar. Don't break the pieces, and be careful to have but little juice on them when done. Pour out carefully into a deep dish—one of your prettiest—and set them away to cool. When cold, and just before a meal is ready, sprinkle white sugar over, and they will tempt any one to eat them.

If the last winter bonnets are not put away yet out of the searching dust, it is time that it were done. If you have no close-fitting band-boxes, or need them for present use, put them in a firm paper sack; tie the end, and hang it in some out-of-the-way place. I always find this the safest way of keeping rubias, furs, fur-trimmed gloves, and such articles as are liable to be damaged by moths. Shake them well first, then tie the sack securely and hang it in a dark place.

While the schoolma'am was here she was making a new lawn dress—white with blue dots. I told her my favorite kind was white with brown or purple dots, or a fixed yellow dot; that blue would fade in the sunshine, and every time she took it off she would have to hang it in the dark.

"Oh," she said, "it was so pretty, and looked so clean, that I thought I could afford the trouble of setting the color before I washed it. I will wait until it is soiled enough to wash, then I will put an ounce of sugar of lead in a pailful of cold water, and let the dress lie in the solution a couple of hours. That will fix the blue so it will never fade."

I was over at Lua's one day while the schoolma'am was here; grandma and I drove Humbug in the buggy; and while we were gone the schoolma'am helped Ida bake. I told them to mould six loaves, and if there was any dough

left over, they might make biscuits, or crullers, or whatever they pleased. There was enough for one little loaf over, and the schoolma'am said they would make a picnic loaf out of it, a hearty, substantial, excellent kind of bread cake, just the very thing to take out to the woods for lunch.

She worked into it one cup of butter, three cups of sugar, three eggs, one cupful of raisins, and one cup of milk, and divided it into three parts, and baked them, after rising in buttered-pans.

My! what a schoolma'am! She seems to know everything! Such cake is the very kind for school-dinners, if one's young ones are not stuffed like Christmas turkeys, until they are cross and yellow and selfish, and loathe every kind of food.

Poor little ones—I don't want to add my snarl to the general growl, and vote them a nuisance, for I love every darling of them, and just here I will say that the sweetest treat I've had for years was an entertainment given last Monday at our house by a ten-month's-old baby.

Its mother was a little golden blonde, youngest sister of my Annie-friend, twenty years ago. Little Hattie has been married eight years, and is the mother of five children. We called her the Princess Alexandra, and had a delightful romp with her good, clean baby. The little robin would lie in our arms and let us kiss her sweet mouth again and again, sweeter than the heart of any red rose, and when we would quit she would lie still and make the cutest little twitter, and kick up her tiny feet, as much as to say: "More—more—Pipsey!"

Last night I sat by the stove, leaning my face on my hands, forgetful of everything around me, when one of the family said: "What are you thinking about so intently, Pip?"

Oh, I caught my breath, and felt the hot flush spread over my brow just as though I were ashamed! "Oh, nothing at all," I said; and then I was thinking my very hardest about that baby's kisses! just living it all over again, and thinking of all things delicious, give me a soft, sweet, clean little baby's kisses. I straightened up and looked squarely at grandmother's green and yellow sampler, which is framed and hangs above the mantel in the kitchen. I spelled the letters over for the fifty thousandth time—"Miss Mehitable Snobbs, Grand Isle, 1798," and I tried to forget that little tendril of a baby, and the remembrance of the winsome sweetness that it had left like

a rare fragrance in this childless home of ours.

I asked Bub and Lily this morning when they started to school what new thing I should have for dinner to-day.

In one breath they both answered: "Noodles." So we had noodles, and as women do not all make them alike, I will tell how I do it.

About ten o'clock I broke three eggs into some flour, in which I had put a big pinch of salt. I mixed in all the flour then that would go in, adding no other wetting, then rolled the bit of dough just as thin as I could, flouring it frequently, spread it on the board, which was well floured, and set it in a cool place until about twenty minutes before dinner was ready. I then rolled and folded the dough up and cut it in fine shreds, crosswise, tossed it all up loosely, and scattered flour all through it; then dropped gradually a handful at a time into a kettle, in which was a pint of boiling water. I stirred it gently to keep it from burning fast until it was cooked done, which was about five minutes. Poured it into a deep dish, in the bottom of which lay a well-buttered slice of dry toast; then opened a place in the centre of the dish of noodles and put in a slice of butter, closed it up, put on the cover of the tureen, and placed it close to the stove. Just as it was carried to the table a cupful of cream was poured into it, stirred, and the cover replaced again.

All little children, and even those of larger growth, like noodles made this way. It is real nice boy-feed, and at this season of the year, when butter, cream and eggs are so fresh and so plentiful, it is a wholesome dish.

Speaking of butter reminds me that my last summer's experience might be valuable to some housewife situated as I was. During the months of May and June we made more butter than we could use, use it extravagantly as we would; and I wont sell butter for fifteen or twenty cents a pound when all the glory and beauty and poetry of June, like a rarified essence, is in the hard, yellow rolls. No, indeed!

I didn't know what to do with it, so I made it just as sweet and good as I knew how, worked and washed every drop of milk out of it, and packed it down in large four-gallon jars, until they were filled within four or five inches of the top. Then I poured strong brine over and set away in a cool corner of the cellar, with close covers and weights on them.

During the fall term we boarded students, and we had severe sickness in the family, and those great jars of ready-made butter came so good to us when we were overtaken and sad-hearted, and had little time or inclination to devote to household labors.

One time, several years ago, I packed down a jar of butter for winter use, and when we came to use it we found a flavor that didn't belong to good butter—I think, a taste of rancidity—for none but really good butter will keep well.

If old butter has a strong flavor cut it up into little bits and put it in a churn with a few quarts of new milk or fresh buttermilk, from which you have just separated the butter; let it stand awhile, then churn it gently—let it alone awhile longer, then churn again thoroughly—work it well so as to get every drop of milk out of it, and for every ten pounds add an even teaspoonful of finely pulverized salt-petre, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and sufficient salt. Work all together well, and pack solid in a fresh jar and cover with salt or brine.

Last spring a friend sent me a nice box of geraniums, beautiful, healthy plants, beginning to bud for blossoming. There were twenty-five varieties, and I had not near pots enough, and the pottery was thirty miles distant, and I hardly knew what to do. I think the pot, if pretty, adds to the beauty of the plant. The best I could do was to buy small, flat, gray crocks holding about two quarts; they were uniform in size and a good shape and looked well. They lacked the small hole in the bottom of the pot. After plotting and planning a good while we hit on a plan, and I give it for the benefit of the sisterhood, who may perhaps avail themselves of it, if similarly situated. Bub took a stonemason's pick, placed the crock flat on the damp ground, and finding where there was a speck, or a blemish, or a bubble in the glazing, he picked gently in that one place until he made a hole through. Out of fifteen pots he only broke one, and I mended that. I had no trouble then in watering my plants, for I could set the pot in a saucer of water and let the roots drink all they needed.

The soil about the plants was a mixture of fine leaf mould, or fine mucky soil, rich, well-rotted manure from the lower side of the cow-yard, one-third fine sand, and some of the dark-colored iron stuff that falls to the ground in the blacksmith's shop.

In setting out the plants in the pots I worked

in a good deal of sand about the roots, it holds moisture so well.

In starting plants from slips take one-fourth good garden soil, and three-fourths fine sand. Let there be two joints on the slip to go under the soil, cut across both ways below the lower joint, and press the earth firmly around the part that is under ground. Keep a few days in a shady place—not a cellar though—and let it come to the sunshine gradually, an hour or two at a time.

My plants all blossomed twice—once in May and they bloomed superbly in October—just when I needed their sweet ministry.

I do not think it advisable for a woman who has much work to do to try to keep many house-plants. They please, and flatter, and rejoice one, but they are deceitful and insidious, and if a woman don't be wary she'll think, and talk, and be all house-plants; her mind will revolve around them all the time—she will find her thoughts narrowing down to fit the little channel made up of leaf, and bud, and blossom.

Better devote the same time, and care, and thought on some poor homeless child, or stricken family, or good cause, which has for its aim the elevation of mankind.

While I love house-plants, and they minister to a hungry place in my nature, to my fullest and gladdest satisfaction, I always feel as though I had made the acquaintance of one who could not be trusted, who would prove recreant, one who would rob me unless I were vigilantly watchful and careful. And yet, I am fascinated, and will bend over a wee spray of starry blooms, and curve my protecting fingers around them and press them to my face and say, "my darlings," with all the deep and earnest affection of a blind devotee. During the early fall I kept my plants out-doors for weeks, and they became very hardy. They stood on steps under a cross on which heaps up a strong trumpet vine—so they were in sunshine and in shadow both. This treatment gave them renewed vigor and I owed the second blooming in October to their out-door living.

Sister Bodkin sent us a plate of honey last week, a great heavy-laden thick slice of yellow comb, and when I went to the store yesterday, I carried the plate home and found her busy making into beeswax the old hive of comb that the bees died and left last winter.

I can remember seeing my mother melt comb to make beeswax and she used a tub, and wash-

board, and rolling-pin, and had an old dress on, and fussed around and made an all-day's job of it.

But it takes Sister Bodkin to do such work after the modern style!

She made a sack of old well-worn flannel, put the comb into it with a stone that would weigh about two pounds, and put it in an old wash-boiler half full of hot water. In the bottom of the boiler lay a piece of stove grate, to keep the sack from lying on the bottom and burning fast. After she had boiled it awhile she set it aside, and when it was cold the clean wax was on the surface, while only sediment and dirt remained in the sack.

I was so well pleased with the plan that I made a note of it immediately.

In sweeping carpet use tea-grounds sprinkled over it—it cleanses and prevents dust rising. If you haven't tea-grounds use damp saw-dust.

At this season of the year one's hair is liable to fall out. To prevent it wet your head thoroughly with good brandy or bay rum, brush it well and comb carefully with a coarse comb. Wash the head and hair occasionally with a sponge dipped in tepid water and ammonia—rinse it off well and wipe and brush until dry. One's hair should not come out if properly cared for and if the health is good.

To clean zinc under the stove and keep it bright, scrub it with vinegar and salt, or grease a cloth in fresh lard and rub it well and then wash all over with another cloth.

I have always found it a good plan to divide a new paper of pins into four parts and pin one up some place in sight in the sitting-room, another in the bed-room which is handiest, another in a conspicuous place in the kitchen, and another in full view in the pantry. One would be surprised to see how many steps will be saved, and how many moments of hurry and flurry and vexation. Of course when pins are picked up, the place for them will be in the nearest pin-paper.

It is well to keep strings and pieces of lapping-thread in a convenient place in reach of one's hurried hand.

If the little boys and girls are not hungry at breakfast and nothing tastes good to them, fix up something to tempt their poor appetites, say

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a half gallon apple, peach, or plum butter cooked all up nicely with half its weight of sugar.

Little ones scrabbling out of bed early don't feel hungry as older ones who have exercised sufficiently to make an appetite, and if they eat little or nothing they almost starve before noon.

A little bit of cream-gravy is good for their breakfasts; or fried bread is good. Melt a bit of butter in the spider, when hot, pour in a dish of bread broken in little pieces, a dash of salt and pepper, and half a cup of boiling water. Cover it tightly to shut in the steam, shake it well, and in a moment uncover it and let it be dished, piping hot, for the little ones.

MAKING PAIN OF PLEASURE.

WE Americans take our pleasures at such cost and trouble, that they are infinitely more distressing to us than our work. Entertaining company is a costly, troublesome process, and yet, nine times out of ten, what an utter failure it is! Take, for instance, an ordinary party-supper, supplied at a tremendous cost. Would it be possible to partake of a meal in more utter discomfort? You are lucky if you get a clean plate and glass, and ten to one you stand at an overcrowded sideboard, with piles of broken meats and dirty plates, knives, and forks around you; eating the very last thing you would care to eat, washed down by decoctions which are often utter poison. People do not think their parties a success unless they are a perfect cram, and their guests consequently as uncomfortable as they well can be. If for any other purpose than so called pleasure we were required to endure so much discomfort, how heartily we should grumble. *Apropos des bals*, the marrying of daughters has always been supposed to be one of the reasons for which entertaining was carried on; why, then, do not managing mothers show a little more discretion in the invitations they issue to the male portion of their guests? Seventy out of every hundred dancing-men are as ineligible for sons-in-law as a limited income, conceit, and a lack of brains can make them, while the son of many a good substantial country farmer marries a rustic beauty because no one has taken the trouble to cultivate him. The army of detrimentials is ever on the increase, and ever likely to be, and marrying-men worth marrying are getting scarcer every year.

SIX IN ALL.
A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO attempt to depict the scene which followed that cry of Darley's would be useless. Into that hour's awful ecstasy of wonder and gladness my words dare not mount—pale, fluttering things, they have no wings to reach that summit.

Sobs there were, and laughter and broken ejaculations and gasping breaths; the tragedy and the comedy, jostling each other, as they always do, in this human life of ours.

Nobody could tell what anybody else did. One talked, and then another, and then all together, and there were some tremendous hugs between Darley and Ramsey Forsyth, and Joe and the girls looking on, as well as they could under certain difficulties and such hand-shakings all around; and at last—it might have been hours, it might have been minutes—they made no note of time that night. Darley, shaking his shoulders a good deal like a big Newfoundland as he comes out of the water, suddenly cried: "It has been too much for one night, but I think with a good old-fashioned 'boo-hoo,' I might manage to survive it."

"Darley, you've had that already, like the rest of us," answered Joe, who was, perhaps, on the whole, the coolest of the company.

"Have I?" said Darley, beginning to suspect himself, as he looked from one face to another of the group about him.

There was a great deal of talking to be done, as they came out slowly from the strain of this surprise and joy; everybody realized that—but then was there not the whole night before them, and days and nights stretching beyond that, for it seemed to these young souls that it must take a whole lifetime to go over all the experiences of the years which have been making them men and women.

"And all this time you two fellows have been keeping this mystery from us, when we had a right to know, and we've grown old fretting about your fate, Ramsey. How can we forgive you both?"

"How can we?" added Prudy.

"It was cruel," said Cherry.

Joe came over to Darley's side and looked at

him with those gray, deep set eyes, with such an unutterable tenderness away down in their sea-like depths.

"Darley," he said, "we kept the secret for this hour. It seemed to belong to no other. If you knew all these years how we've lived on this time; how we have gone to sleep and waked up on it! After he had saved my life, it seemed right that he should give me back to you here, like this. Will you forgive us?"

"Forgive you, my grand old fellow! You did just right. Forgive me, though I don't deserve it."

And the girls took their own times to make ample apologies—to Mr. Joe, and to tell him, as Darley did, that he had done just right.

"If it were only possible that we could settle down into reasonable beings a short time, and hear how it came about," said Darley, moving restlessly about his guests.

"Joe, that's your part, you know," said Ramsey.

So, with a desperate effort, all those shaken nerves and hearts forced themselves into some semblance of quiet. Darley seated himself in front of Joe, and feasted his hungry eyes on the square, bronzed face of his friend, and the first consecutive talking fell to Joe, and in a little while it was so still you might have heard a pin drop, and outside the stars were shining over the hours, as they swung softly into midnight, and the winds played with a little, low tinkle among the fresh leaves, precisely as they had done on so many other nights; and yet how unlike all other nights of their lives this was to the five young souls gathered under the "lean-to!"

So Joe told his story, going over again with his rescue at the last gasp in the Pacific gale, and telling how afterward, lying in his hammock, on the old Boreas, he had muttered Darley's name to himself, and Ramsey had overheard, and how the whole had come out afterward. And the life in the English house in Calcutta, and the plan which grew into a fixed purpose on his part, and to which he had gradually drawn over Ramsey, that they would return to America together, and the days and nights in which they had lived over this hour.

Joe set it all before them in his strong, simple way; and if he had had five thousand instead of five young people for auditors, there would have been plenty of tears and laughter, although it could have come home to none of the others precisely as it did to these four listeners.

When Joe was through Ramsey came over to Darley's side, and his face shone as he said: "After all, Darley, it wasn't for nothing that you dragged me away from Thornley River, in the fog and dark, that morning. I was worth saving, because I was to bring you back this," slapping Joe on the shoulder.

"Worth saving!" Darley meant to have made a speech, but he broke down and clasped Joe's hands and Ramsey's.

"You've kept my secret well, you old soul of honor," said young Forsyth, in a moment.

"It has been a hard gripe sometimes, but I never let go, although you may thank the girls there, quite as much as me, and oh, Ramsey, it will have to come out now!" as the fact of the Forsyths' return suddenly rushed across Darley; he, as well as his sisters, had quite lost sight of this event in the excitement of the evening.

"No: it must be the old secret, still, Darley. Not a soul will recognize me now, and it was only for your sake and Joe's that I stand here to-night."

"But you don't know what has happened!" burst in Cherry, impulsively, and then she stopped short, thinking it belonged to older tongues to tell that story.

Darley saw it must come out now. He made a swift signal of silence to his sisters.

"I can't have you absorb all the honors of the evening, Joe," he said; "I want the floor for a little while, and to take my turn at telling a story in which I happened to a principal actor also."

The jests and humor which darted and played around the talk this evening relieved a tension of feeling which would otherwise have been insupportable.

Joe made some remark about gracefully yielding the floor, if not to superior years, to finer wit and profounder wisdom, and then Darley commenced with his story, so old to you, so new to two of his hearers, and there were no jokes now, only a hush, in which you seemed to hear the beating of hearts behind the voice of the speaker.

For the story that Darley told was of his first and only interview with Ramsey's father, of the talk during that long ride home, and of the supper that followed, and long before he

was through, Ramsey had covered his face with his hand, and they saw the tears glimmering through his fingers.

Darley finished with his alighting at his own door. "The best part of the story is yet to come," he said, "but the girls can do that better than I."

So Prudy and Cherry finished up the picture with the little scene which happened next day, and which had so wonderfully altered their fortunes; and the sweet young voices grew unsteady sometimes, especially when they came to the evening when Darley came home and they opened the letter and found—

"The very purse of Fortunatus inside of it," burst out Darley. "Oh, Ramsey, that dollar a day came through you after all. From the time I stuck my spade first in your father's soil to this night I haven't failed once to earn my wages, as these witness," and he held a pair of rather big and very brown hands before Ramsey's eyes, not at all the lily-white hands of a scholar and a gentleman.

The story had given Ramsey a new insight into his father's character. The youth remembering its harshest features, had often wondered whether his father would have any welcome for the son who should come back to him out of a watery grave, indeed, thinking on one night, Ramsey had settled it that his father's heart must be irrevocably hardened toward him, and there was too much in the past to justify this conclusion.

But as he listened to Darley's story of his father's agony of grief over the loss of his boy, a new yearning tenderness woke up in Ramsey's heart, and for the first time in all these years he had a longing to see his father and his brother, while both he and Joe were struck dumb with amazement at learning the source of Darley's good fortunes.

"You don't mean to say," burst out Joe, staring around the old sitting-room, that looked so wonderfully pretty and picturesque in its soft, kerosene light, "that the dollar a day is the extent of your income, my boy?"

"The Alpha and Omega of it, Joe; we've fought the world all these years behind that oriflamme, and we've never gone without our dinner or a fire to warm us from frost to frost, have we, girls?"

"Oh, no, indeed, nothing of the sort," answered the sweet, amused voices.

Darley enjoyed the look of anxious amazement on the face of his friends. He kept on: "We are a tolerably plump set; not exactly the sort of people who have had a serious

brush with starvation. How much did your combined weight amount to, girls, when you tried Ketchum's scales, last week?"

"Oh, be still, Darley," said Prudy, with one of those little, half-matronly shakes of the head, which, it must be owned, that youth was not much in the habit of regarding; indeed, it was no wonder if his spirits did run riot with him to-night.

But in a minute or two the lightness vanished, and Darley was gazing at Ramsey, whose heart was too full of the story which his friend had been relating to join in the mirth.

"Ramsey, what if I should tell you—" Darley stopped there.

His sisters knew what was coming now; they held their breaths.

"What?" asked Ramsey, struck by the look and tone.

"That three days ago your family came home."

Ramsey sprang to his feet as though he were shot. His face was livid through its bronze.

Joe came over to his side. "Take it like a man now," he said. "It is all for the best, my hero."

He knew very well that, had Ramsey suspected this fact, he would not have set his foot on the steamer which had sailed from Calcutta; neither, perhaps, would Joe have urged it himself; but, listening to Darley's story, his previous notions of the elder Forsyth had undergone a serious modification. He was not, after all, the hard, coarse, remorseless parent which Joe had conceived from poor Ramsey's unconscious portraiture.

"Have you seen any of them?" stammered the latter to Darley.

"Only your sister, yesterday." And in a few words he told the story of their meeting in the garden, making a wonderful picture of the maiden as she glided down to him in her grace and bloom—a picture which, it seemed, ought to have been embalmed in some sweet, quaint old ballad; and yet Darley fancied he was talking all the time the barest prose. It was only the maiden as she had risen on his imagination. But then Darley was young, and, his sisters fancied, a poet; but that, despite the scribbled foolscap up-stairs, and the stanzas in the *County Weekly*, remained to be proved.

Ramsey drank in every word. His first feeling, on learning of his family's vicinity, had been one of terror. Notwithstanding Darley's story, the haunting sense of disgrace clung to him—above everything, a feeling of suffoca-

tion, a great longing to be outside in the wide, soft dark, with cool winds and the stiller stars.

"I am suffocating here—I must get out of it!" he shouted, and he made a plunge for the door.

All the faces looked alarmed. Joe sprang to his friend. A few words were spoken between them, and then Ramsey went out.

"Oh, will he run away, Mr. Joe?" cried Cherry.

"Oh, no; he gave me his word, and I can trust him," answered Joe, with quiet assurance. "Poor fellow! It came upon him so suddenly, you see; but it is better that he should have a little solitude just now. When it is time he will return to us."

So they sat down, intending to have a quiet talk; but, after all, eyes did better service than tongues for the next hour.

In the manly youth before him, Joe Dayton was seeking for the boy's small, freckled face, and finding more and more of it hovering about the maturer outlines and the brown, growing beard. His deep set eyes shone with a kind of glad tenderness and content, as he watched every expression and gesture of that beloved face and form.

It was something worth living in the world for—even such a hard, battling world as it had been to Darley Hanes—to have such a friend as Joe Dayton.

Somewhere in the pinched, struggling boyhood, drifted so far behind them, the souls of these two had touched each other, in some beautiful, mysterious way. Neither of them could understand this; both of them accepted the blessed fact.

Their friendship had stood the sternest tests—years of separation and silence, the transition from boyhood to manhood, with all the vital changes of ideals, tastes, purposes, which that transition involves; and yet, after the first surprise was over, each found the other just what he expected; they could look each other in the face with a pride and joy which had no remorse or reservations; each had kept a clean record; neither held in his soul the stinging memory of an act he would be afraid or ashamed to confess to the other.

Once or twice only Joe seemed to half forget himself, going up to his friend, touching his hair, and saying softly—but then they had heard—"I thank God for you, Darley—oh, I thank God for you!"

"Dear old Joe!" catching his hand. "Do you know if, in all these years, I had been going straight to the devil, the thought of doing

anything unworthy of you would have dragged me back."

After awhile Ramsey returned to them; the walk out there in the cool dark had done for him what no tender words of his friends could, and though he was quieter and paler, he joined once more in the talk.

But the longest night must have an end. It was with unutterable amazement that every one under the old roof of the "lean-to" looked out and saw the great, gray streaks of the dawn upon the distant eastern hills.

"I never was sorry for that sight before," said Darley, as he turned from the window, "but I think I should like to have this night last forever."

The young men insisted now that they must repair to the hotel, five miles off, where they had taken lodgings the day before, having left New York precisely two days after landing from the steamer, the business which had brought Joe to America allowing him no earlier moment to leave the city.

With all the youth and health on the side of these people, the night's excitement had been a dreadful strain on each, and it was well for all concerned that no entreaties could induce the guests to remain.

They promised, however, to return in the evening, when, Joe added, there would be some matters to discuss which needed clearer brains than they could bring to bear on any problem now.

Everybody understood that the problem referred especially to Ramsey's announcing himself to his family.

Before they departed Darley came over and stood by his guests, saying to his sisters, with a laugh, "On the whole, we are a moderately good looking trio of fellows, I believe."

The girls looked up at the three young men—not a couple of inches difference to choose between them, the broad-chested, stout-limbed fellows! Ramsey, on a cursory glance, could probably have been regarded the best looking of the three, with his dark, crisp hair, his black eyes, and his well-moulded features, a finer portraiture of what his father had been at Ramsey's age.

There, too, was Darley, the brother that Prudy and Cherry scolded and idolized, and of whose genius they had no more doubt than they had of Shakespeare's or Milton's, a sturdy, well-built, square-shouldered youth, with a ruddy complexion, and handsome brown hair, and clear, bright, gray eyes, the soul behind coming with the years into slow but sure pos-

session of the face, making it fine, and bright, and thoughtful.

Then there was Joe with the tallest and heaviest build of the three; not at all of a drawing room knight, a young girl, on the first glance, would probably have thought him very homely, but the chances were that if she had known him for a month she would have been in love with him.

For there was some singular magnetic force about this young man, the force of a pure, strong, dauntless soul. If I should think of a single word which embodied more than any other, the character of Joe Dayton, it would be fidelity—a fidelity to truth and manliness under every guise.

Much more he had than this: sagacity, clear vision, breadth of intelligence; indeed, Darley, who had a more intimate knowledge of his friend than any other human being, always insisted that Joe's mind was a tantalizing surprise, like one of those still, clear lakes where you look down and see the pebbles shining, but you pay out your line, fathom after fathom, and you never strike bottom.

I once saw a St. Bernard mastiff, a splendid creature with such a strong, honest, intelligent face, something half human in it, something that strangely reminded me of Joe Dayton's with the latter's strong jaws and heavily-moulded features, the rather low, broad forehead, and the deep, sea-gray eyes, a masterful face, the lower part hidden away in its brown beard.

So the girls gazed at the three young men, and then Prudy, with a twinkle of eyes and a d lip, answered her brother: "Well, yes, Darley, I think it is safe to say as much as that, 'moderately good looking fellows.'"

What Darley's friends thought of his sisters they did not say at that time.

Prudy and Cherry Hanes were very pinks of propriety, and had very naturally, with their retired lives, extremely rigid notions respecting the carriage of young women toward young men.

But all the pretty little airs and frigidities were swept away before the powerful emotion of one night, and the girls were as wholly themselves, as frank, homelike, and cordial to his friends as they were to their brother. They could not help it that their hearts got to the surface.

They shook hands all around, for the half-dozen time, at least, and then the young men went out, just as the day rolled in in a flood of rosy triumph upon the night, just as

if we wait for it. God's Day will surely arise and fill with its triumph of peace and gladness the night of all our griefs.

CHAPTER IX.

In the late twilight the expected guests presented themselves again at the "lean-to." Everybody had been on the look out for them, for an hour at least. Darley had failed to be at his post that day—this being his first default since his engagement.

The truth was, he and his sisters had passed most of the day in profound slumbers, which was the case also with their visitors, and the young people met now quite calmed and refreshed after the last night's experiences.

It was a warm evening. Darley's sisters had put on some pretty clouded pink dresses, with a bit of peach-bloom color at their throats, the simplest toilets possible, and yet you can hardly imagine anything more daintily sweet than those young girls.

In their walk over to-night the young men had not spoken of what was uppermost in the minds of both—Ramsey's making himself known to his family.

The young man shrank with nervous terror from the thought of that first meeting; yet, despite himself, the strong current of circumstances seemed to force him to the denouement: he owed this to himself, to his family, and especially to Darley, who had been so faithful to his secret, and who was now placed in a peculiarly trying position. Ramsey saw it all, and yet he longed to put off the fatal time.

Joe had been revolving the matter through all his waking hours that day, without deciding on any plan of action.

Would it be well for Darley to acquaint Ramsey's sister with the fact of her brother's existence, and she in turn could convey the tidings to her father? Or again, it might be better for Joe to wait on the elder Forsyth, in company with Darley, and relate that heroic act of the son whom the father supposed had slept so long under sounding seas. Joe could not tell; there was no need of being in a desperate hurry—only the sooner it was over the better.

That very evening the Forsyths had been taking their first ride around Thornley, and a sudden impulse had seized Cressy—she always did things by impulse—to relate to her father and Proctor the interview she had had with the gardener's boy, Ramsey's friend; this be-

ing the first occasion on which her brother's name had crossed anybody's lips since the family's return home.

Both the elder and younger gentleman were much interested in the girl's story, and both amazed to learn that the boy had been all these years at work on the grounds.

"Supposing we drive around there, for the fun of the thing, and get a squint at the fellow and his pretty sister," said Proctor. "We are not more than half a mile from the place, and we owe them some attention."

"That's a bright idea, Proctor," cried Cressy. "Does it meet with your approbation, papa?"

"No objections, my dear, if you like it. Want to see the boy myself." And forthwith fresh orders were given to the coachman.

In the fading twilight, in the sitting-room of the old "lean-to," the young people sat together.

"I must leave it in your hands," Ramsey had just said, in a hurried, excited tone, to Joe and Darley. "I feel helpless as an infant over the whole thing. Only you will remember it is a matter of life and death to me!"

At that moment they caught the thud of horses' feet outside. Darley went to the window, for the twilight was growing brown. When he came back he was white to the lips.

"Ramsey," he said, "your family are outside."

Everybody heard. There was a little cry from the girls. Joe took in the situation at once.

"Darley!" in a hurried undertone. "The poor fellow can't act for himself. We must do it for him. I'll take charge of him. Get him into the other room, and you will bring those people inside, and commence breaking the matter. There! show the stuff I've always found in you, my boy," as a second knock came from the front door.

And Darley answered it quite self collected now, Joe's words having done their work. Outside, in the carriage, the family sat, pleased and curious, awaiting him.

The young master of the "lean-to" went out and shook hands with the occupants of the carriage, and the greeting on all sides was most cordial.

"How are those pretty sisters of yours?" asked Cressy, vexed that she could not remember their names. "Papa and Proctor are really quite curious to see them."

"Very well, thank you. If you will do us the honor to come in, I will show them to you."

"And this will be no intrusion on our part?" inquired Proctor, wondering where a fellow who worked on his father's grounds found the simple, courteous manners of an English lord.

"Oh, not the least, I assure you," answered Darley.

Cressy nudged her father's elbow with the ivory tip of her parasol.

"Just a moment, papa," she pleaded.

And papa yielded. He usually did to that voice.

The girls had lighted the big lamp when Darley ushered his guests inside. Joe had dragged Ramsey into the next room, and was fearing that he would go into convulsions. The door was ajar, so that every word spoken in one room could be heard in the other.

Prudy and Cherry got through with their parts wonderfully, considering the way their hearts were jumping. Their faces were white as snowdrops, it is true, as they came forward to shake hands with the strangers and offer them chairs, Darley bestowing the elder Forsyth in a comfortable old-fashioned rocker.

The low, century-old room had such a pleasant, home-like air that night, it was fit to receive a king, Cressy thought, as she looked about it.

There were a few kindly inquiries and answers, and then Darley knew that his time was come, and that he must meet it; and there was the poor fellow in the next room.

"Mr. Forsyth," said Darley, and his voice was wonderfully calm, considering his heart was in his mouth, "there is a question I have long been wanting to ask you; and, though it will seem abrupt, I cannot let you go away without doing it to-night."

"Well, what is it, sir?" answered Forsyth, in his pleasantest tone, and everybody, even those in the next room, was still and listened.

"Has it ever struck you that there was a faint possibility your son was not drowned that night in Thornley River?"

There was a little, half-suppressed cry from Cressy. Her father and brother were struck dumb for a moment.

As soon as he could command his voice, the former, however, answered in a shaken voice: "The matter has never, in my own mind, admitted of a question."

"But, sir," said Darley, eagerly, "there are some things which you never knew—some things which give me a hope—that—that—" Darley had begun to flounder hopelessly.

"That he was not drowned! That he is

alive!" Forsyth went over the words in a slow, gasping way, trying to take them in. He did not believe them, certainly; but he cried out suddenly in a terrible pain: "Oh, my boy! my boy!"

Of a sudden Cressy came right over to Darley's side; her face was pale as ashes, but her great eyes shone like suns. She plucked his sleeve.

"What is it that you know?" she whispered.

But in the next room Ramsey had heard his father's cry. At that sound a mighty longing and tenderness rushed upon him. Not knowing what he did, he tore himself wildly from Joe; he sprang through the door; he stretched out his arms.

"Father, oh, father!" he cried.

Forsyth turned at the sound of that cry; he knew the voice; he saw the stalwart youth standing there. The man's face was livid; he tottered to his feet and reached out his arms blindly.

But at that moment, from the other side of the room, there was a cry: "Oh, Ramsey, my brother!" She sprang forward; she reached him, but she would have fallen had he not caught her. The shock of joy had been too much for that warm young heart, and Cressy Forsyth lay in a dead faint in her brother's arms.

(To be continued.)

PICTURESQUENESS OF LABOR.—Indeed, man himself is graceful in his unconscious and direct employments; the poise of a fisherman, for instance, the play of his arm, the cast of his line or net—these take the eye, as do the stealthy movements of the hunter, the fine attitudes of the woodchopper, the grasp of the sailor on the helm. A hay-stack and a boat are always picturesque objects, and so are the men who are at work to build or use them. So is yonder stake-net, glistening in the morning light—the innumerable meshes drooping in soft arches from the high stakes, and the line of floats stretching shoreward, like tiny stepping stones; two or three row-boats are gathered around it, with fishermen in red or blue shirts, while one white sail-boat hovers near. And I have looked down on our beach in spring at sunset, and watched them drawing nets for the young herring, when the rough men looked as graceful as the nets they drew, and the horseman who directed might have been Redgauntlet on the Solway Sands.—T. W. Higginson, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE WAY TO JERICO.

AS the traveller pursues the way to Jericho, he finds a lonely road, the very picture of barrenness and desolation, which once was a "land flowing with milk and honey." With here and there slight exceptions, where some rivulet waters a narrow strip of land, there are no trees, nor verdure, nor sign of human habitation. It is a desert—a wilderness.

A writer, describing Jericho and its environs, thus accurately describes the picture before us this month:

"As the traveller follows the road where the Good Samaritan of the parable is supposed to have discharged his benevolent office on the man who fell among thieves, going 'down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' he suddenly comes upon the summit of a rent cliff, before which all the vast plain lies extended. What will he then see? He will see nearest to his elevated standing place the ravine through which once ran the brook Cherith—the place in which Elijah was fed by ravens, and that in which Achan was stoned. He will be reminded that there were two Jerichos—the one to which Joshua sent his spies, the other to which Jesus led his disciples. And he will discover that Rahab lived more than two miles from where Zaccheus climbed the tree. In one direction he will be shown by experienced eyes the huge mounds of earth alone remaining to mark the earlier site, and the ruins of masonry that fix the outlines of the later. Before him, far away, lies the spring which the prophet Elisha healed with salt; and farther away still lies the level shore of the Jordan, from which Elijah went up with the chariot of fire. The horizon to the east is bounded by the mountains of Moab. The northern end of the Dead Sea seems, in that matchless atmosphere, so near that the very glisten of the water shines like molten silver in the sun.

"Nothing now is left save the grand natural features of the country. The walls have disappeared around which the children of Israel marched bearing the ark, and blowing the rams' horns. * * * In the time of our Lord, as before, Jericho well deserved the name of 'the city of palms.' One solitary tree was found there in the precincts thirty years ago; but even that is gone now. The plain is bare beyond, and bleak near by; but between the

mountain and the river there lies to this day a long, wide strip of land, moistened by two or three little rivulets, so exquisitely green, so fruitful and exuberant in foliage and verdure, that one feels quite satisfied to believe there may have been a time in which it could safely be recorded. 'And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord.'

The Jericho of to-day is but a poor village of about forty huts, set in a thicket of thorn trees, which tear the traveller's clothes and flesh as he hurries through. In its immediate neighborhood there is nothing to please the eye, but everything in sights, and sounds, and odors to offend the senses.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTESS BENEDETTI.

The story of the Countess Benedetti, wife of the French Minister to Prussia, is worth recording. She was once a Greek slave, landed at Alexandria by Jocosí, the celebrated merchant of Constantinople. She had been educated for sale, and was consequently full of accomplishments. One of the wealthiest of the Arab bankers in Alexandria purchased the girl to wait upon his wife, to whom he was much attached. The Greek girl, lively and amusing, diverted the *ennui* of the harem, and soon became the ruling spirit there. In course of time the wife died, and the aged husband, regretting that he could not marry her, adopted her as his child and the heir to his enormous fortunes. At his death the former slave inherited his wealth, and Benedetti, at that time a young *attache*, belonging to the French consulate at Alexandria, happened to present himself to the heiress, won her affections, and they were married. The old merchant's money enabled Benedetti to cut his way to a conspicuous position in diplomacy, and his wife, lovely and accomplished, reigned for a long time over the world of fashion in Paris.

THERE is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habits; which, growing up, would yield to old age and enjoyment a glory and shade.

A BREATH OF SONG.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

"STAY there as long as you please. I shall not come!" muttered Bessie Drake to herself, gazing from her window at a figure standing by the gate with the moonbeams falling full upon it. It did not seem to mind the glorious light; the head was bent, and, after a time, one hand went slowly over to grasp the gate-latch, then drew back, and the figure moved on. Bessie believed she could have told the thoughts of it, for she knew that this same dark form was that of her whilom lover, Leonard Carr—knew, too, that a word from her would have raised the bowed head and brought the hand over the gate-latch in a trice. But she did not speak it; she even took a kind of pleasure in remaining silent. Ah, there are so many words we do not say when we ought! Quite as many, it almost seems, as we speak that we ought not.

They had quarreled, this youth and maiden; not a fiery quarrel, with hot words a flash of temper soon over; but a stiller and more dangerous difference had arisen between them, beginning with a misunderstanding so small that both were ashamed to say much about it; yet that proved quite large enough to cloud over the love that each would have vowed, six months before, not time nor death could dull. This was the first time, for long weeks, that Leonard had been even so near the house, and now she thought he might come in of his own accord, she was the last one to coax; if he thought he could flirt with others and neglect her, yet keep her friendship still, he would find himself entirely mistaken.

All right, Miss Bessie; we would not advise you or any one to let such a course be possible; but what if there be a mistake on your side, and he be innocent of those things of which a great deal of hearsay and some small knowledge on your part accuse him? What if he be true and loyal after all, and you throw away a pearl instead of a pebble? Some such thoughts had been suggesting themselves to Bessie during the day, but she beat them back now, elated somewhat with the triumphant feeling that he had been obliged to seek her at last. They came up again, however, with a flurry of apprehension and surprise as he turned away. Out through the vine-shaded window beneath her, and away to meet the

soft moonbeams, wandered Daisy's voice, soft as they, with the sweet notes and sweeter words of her favorite Sunday-school hymn:

"Then gladly we'll open the door of our hearts,
And let the good angels come in."

She was singing only to herself, she thought, but, besides the heavenly, she had two earthly listeners. The young man heard and turned again. Bessie heard, too, but turned quickly from the window. If he were really coming she would not be seen watching for him.

The child voice died away. Bessie listened in vain for the click of the gate. She went back to the window; the cherry-trees stirred in the light breeze, the moonlight lay all about as before, but the figure was gone. She would not own, even to herself, that she was sorry. "He will come to-morrow night," she said. "A little too proud still to own himself in the wrong."

But for all that her slumbers were not easy. She had broken dreams, haunted by a sensation as of unknown trouble impending, and filled with a maze of dark forms, which encompassed her, till, angelic beings appearing, wrapped her and them about in their long robes, and bore them away into an icy region, sometimes dark and starless, sometimes lurid with a flash that brightened yet did not warm.

But when morning broke, and the new day was sent down fresh and perfect from God's hand, its brightness put to flight all forebodings, and she went about singing blithely. The hope springing up in her heart was very sweet; she was almost tempted to think it would be worth while to quarrel occasionally for the mere pleasure of "making up" again; she had not a doubt but the twilight would bring him.

Yet twilight fell again and again, and in the after hush the moonlight spread its white hands abroad in benediction above the quiet world, but no figure stood by Bessie's gate. The next day was the same; the next brought news that Leonard was gone. "He might return in a month—he might be gone a year, if he were needed," his mother said.

No one knew that Bessie cared; she was not one to reveal her deepest feelings. Her sorrow was bravely faced and grandly borne, by the help of Him who never fails the suppliant, for

she took deep into her heart the words that had greeted her ears when she last saw him she loved. The impression of that scene upon her mind had been so vivid, that they seemed to her both like a message from him and a direction from above. She was quick to accuse herself now, and events soon showed her that she had been at least, in some things, unjust. And then came the resolve, all the more earnest, perhaps, that her heart was wearied and wounded with earthly loss, to strive ceaselessly for the love unchanging.

Wide, wide open she threw her spirit's door, and welcomed every good angel to its threshold—patience, gentleness, meekness, Christian charity, and all the heavenly train. Hers was one of those natures that trial sanctifies, and she found sweet consolation in the thought that, though not fully happy herself, she had yet the power of bestowing happiness.

So the days went on, twice three hundred and sixty-five of them, till summer stood once again at the gate of autumn, ready to yield her hoard of fruits into the care of that skilful colorist—the nuts to be tinted brown; the apples, mellowed with golden hues or set ablaze with red; the grapes, robed in all the Tyrian hues, or bleached to alabaster; and the leaves, ah, they were to be splashed with every tint and shade of glory till the woods became a waving semblance of sunset.

Then, to Bessie floated news that Leonard was coming home for a few weeks, whereupon she made a resolve. The rumor was soon followed by tidings that he had come, when her resolve was put into execution. Her time became even more than usually precious, she had no leisure for any of the merry-makings in his honor, or any visits or walks where she would be likely to encounter him. In this she was favored by her mother's illness, which, though not serious, increased Bessie's duties greatly. Wise and proper as she thought this discipline, she found it hard, and could not help drooping under it. One afternoon, when headache and nervousness fairly forbade her sewing longer, she took her garden-hat for a stroll down the wood path. They rustled softly under foot, the brown, and crimson, and golden leaves; she had used to love walking through them, but they had a mournful sound for her now, withered things, she called them, sighing, like herself, from sheer loneliness.

"What was life worth?" she thought, "to be tossed about for a short space, like these same leaves, between storm and sun—then fade and fall to be, like them, forgotten?"

She sought her old seat under the maple, and throwing herself upon the leaf-strewn ground, gave way to her gloomy thoughts. But not long did the sullen mood last. She quickly felt how unjust the accusations she was harboring. Tossed about like the leaves she might be, in this tempestful world, but not forgotten. A mightier love than any earth could offer would watch over her forever. Yea, the echo of Israel's far-off song even now came to comfort this Gentile daughter of God, sweetly as it had ever lingered on the ear of captive Jewish maiden: "He that keepeth Israel slumbers not nor sleeps." Numberless voices seemed to her to take up the refrain, and countless others to repeat it; then it grew softer and softer till there was only a murmur of music that she almost thought must be dissolving into light, for light lay all about her, white and soft like that of distant stars. Beautiful beings hovered near her, a living, moving bliss seemed in the fragrant air, lovely scenes, upon which no shadow fell, spread all around her, thrilling her with a joy of which she had never before had any conception—when the earth-chill began to reach her vision—she dreamed that she dreamed, and so was near to waking.

While she slept the figure stood once again at her gate, not under the moonbeam, but in the rays of the low-hung western sun. The latch was raised unhesitatingly this time, and the step came swiftly up the walk, but turned, after a moment's pause on the threshold, down the wood-path Bessie had taken an hour earlier. Thus it happened that his step began to scatter her dreams, even before his hand rested gently upon her head, and his voice said, tenderly:

"Bessie, dear, it is not safe for you to be asleep here, in the woods, all alone."

Was it the spell of the peaceful, loving atmosphere of her dream, yet lingering upon her spirit, that made her forget all the slights and wrongs, real or fancied, which she had often told herself, made a barrier between her and Leonard too strong to be put aside in this world, and answer without a sign of the proud coldness she had thought to assume should they ever meet again, gently and simply as a child, reproved:

"I know it; I didn't mean to fall asleep, but it was very still here, and I was so tired!"

"And I am so tired, too," said the young man, gravely; "so tired of trying to live my life without you, so tired of coldness and estrangement—must it be always so?"

Perversity began to creep in now, and the name was icy enough in which she replied:

"You can answer that question as well as I. No one could have been colder than yourself—leaving me without a good by, and never sending even a word to me for two long years!"

The young man's face flushed, and for a moment he seemed inclined to turn away; then he threw himself upon the ground beside her, and began very gently and kindly: "Bessie, regarding what passed before I went away, it seems to me hardly worth while to look back so far to find who was most to blame, nor do I expect you to forgive my share of all until you have heard me. The difference between us made me miserable, and I felt that I must tell you so before I left, even though I did not expect to be gone more than a month at the farthest. As you have doubtless learned, I was sent for to take charge of my uncle's business during his illness, but of the sad cause of that illness you have, of course, heard nothing. Uncle had but one son, and upon him he lavished every care and indulgence. He had no eye for his faults, no reproof for his extravagances, though simple and prudent in his own habits.

"Let the boy be happy while he can," he would say. 'I don't want to see him stinted in his enjoyments, or prematurely worn with business cares. Time enough for hard work when he is older.'

"When at last uncle began to wish for a helper, and took Ellis into partnership, the boy had been too long accustomed to a life of idle enjoyment to be of much service; but his father bore patiently with his negligent ways, hoping time and experience would correct them; and perhaps all might have turned as he hoped, had not Ellis about this time fallen in with a set of wild fellows, who, like himself, had plenty of money and little to do. You can easily imagine how it ended. In two years' time Ellis, to whom his father still blindly trusted more and more as his own health grew less firm, had involved the business so that ruin appeared inevitable. Yet he seems to have been rather weak and careless than deliberately false, and, unable to face the distress he had brought upon that parent who had so confided in his honor, fled, none knew whither, when he found all must be discovered.

"Poor Uncle Moulton's health gave way entirely under his troubles, and it was while he lay near to death that my aunt sent for me. Believe me, dear Bessie, I hesitated only on account of yourself. I had hoped that time

would set things right, but there was no sign yet of that, and I could not bear to go away, even for so short a stay as she mentioned, with shadows between our hearts. I came to your home the night before I left; I put my hand upon the gate to open it, when the remembrance of your coldness came over me with such power that it almost seemed I had rather go without seeing you than encounter it again. Your little sister was singing; I turned to listen, and caught a glimpse of your face at your window. It turned away, and, judging that it was because you had seen me, I took that as an omen that my efforts would be of no avail. I was just in the mood to mind such things then.

"It was very hard to go without a good-by word from her who was so dear to me; and the journey was a gloomy one; but at its end there was enough to keep me from dwelling upon my own troubles. Throwing all my energies into the work of retrieving, as far as might be, my uncle's broken fortunes, I ere long had reason to hope that affairs might be made to turn better than had at first seemed possible. He held some property that at the time commanded a high price. This I sold to satisfy the most pressing demands; the other creditors consented to wait, and in a few weeks things appeared likely, eventually, to go back into their old channels. With hope, uncle's strength began to return. Still, he did not feel able to take up business again, and all the care continued to rest upon me, though I took pains to consult him often enough to keep up the feeling of connection with active life which it is so dangerous for a man who has been many years engaged in it to lose. It was very pleasant to see him gradually gaining strength and spirits, his affairs, that once seemed so hopeless, again looking up, and know that, under God, I had been the means of bringing order for him out of a most dismal chaos—pleasant to feel his confidence in me, and hear him say, as he often did: 'That I have anything left I owe to you, next to a merciful Providence; and I wish you to consider half my worldly goods your own.'

"Of course I could not for a moment think of accepting this generous proffer, but I felt sure of his assistance when I should attempt to set up business on my own account. This prospect did not afford me the pleasure it would have done in former days, when it would have meant a home with you to brighten it, so I had no eager anticipations to make me chafe at the time spent in my uncle's service. You

were by no means forgotten, though I strove to put aside all thought of you, for it was the one subject that to dwell upon made me miserable, as I felt that your love was alienated from me forever. There were many things to bring you ever to mind, especially in mother's letters—almost every one had some mention of you, how often you came to watch with her during her long illness last year, how tender and thoughtful you were in your care of her, and every little while some word that showed how earnest you were in striving to comfort all the weary and sorrowing about you, and against all this I found it hard to keep up the harsh, resentful feeling I was trying to cherish toward you for I thought I must learn to hate you, or I could not bear your loss. I will not weary you with an account of all the battles I fought with myself, a single instance will suffice.

"One night, after receiving a letter from mother, I felt even more than usually gloomy, and to avoid my aunt's questioning, went out for a walk. It was a lovely evening, still and fragrant. The moonlight showered down whitely, just as it had done when I last saw you, bringing all again before me. The moon-brightened scene, with its blots of swaying shadow; your face at the window, and the child-voice singing within, stranger than all the words of the song, came back to me, though I had scarcely noticed them at the time. Over and over again they sounded, so plainly that it almost seemed distant spirit-voices breathed them:

"Let the good angels come in."

"Why was it?" I asked myself. Perhaps the words were meant for me. Indeed, what was I trying to do but shut out good angels from my heart's sweet and tender feelings that had been in the olden time. Why should they not be now? Even though I had lost, I should not wrong you. It appeared then, though I had not thought of that before, a cowardly way of putting blame from myself, and I resolved it should be no longer indulged in, you should have your due at my hands. True, we had differed, yet I would acknowledge that you were kind and brave, and *could* be most tender—that memory cut like a knife, but I went on, determined upon justice, till, before I suspected their presence, the good angels had shown me my faults in the past, and stirred fresh hopes for the future in my frost-bound heart. I saw that I had been wrong in coming away without trying once more to set all right—yet it seemed better, now, to wait until my return than to trust to letters. Once on the dreamland route, my mind travelled fast and far: hours passed

unnoted, so that it was late, and the lights were all out when I reached my uncle's gate. A figure, that had been hovering about it, slipped into the shadow of a large tree as I approached, but not soon enough to escape my notice. Of course, I could not neglect such a suspicious occurrence, and he was soon my prisoner. Oh, Bessie, you cannot imagine the desolate expression upon the poor, pale face that I turned into the full light!

"Who are you; and what are you seeking?" I asked, almost gently, for that look did armed suspicion, and sent pity to take its place.

"I'm nobody, now, and I seek nothing," was the reply, half sad, half sullen. "You needn't be afraid of my harming anything—I've had my look of the old place, and I'll move on."

"With those last words a strange thought went through my mind, and grasping him still more firmly, I answered:

"Not until I know who you are, and what motive brings you here at this hour. If you will tell me truly, I promise faithfully to keep your secret—it such it be; if not, I will at once arouse the household."

"He gazed keenly at me, then said, slowly:

"I was not *always* ashamed of my name; it is my own fault that makes me so now. I am Ellis Moulton, and you are my cousin, Leonard Carr. You must be proud of the relationship!" with a bitter laugh.

"I did not answer him directly, there was too great a tumult of adverse emotions in my mind. I could not help regarding him both with indignation and contempt, yet Christian charity whispered of other things. What if he were not wholly bad? His coming for a parting look at 'the old home' would say so. What if there were yet enough good left that he might be set upon his feet, and made a man of? And with that thought I answered his words:

"Perhaps you will make me so, some day!"

"No!" was the desponding reply. "I've given up, now. I did dare to hope I might, in some measure, redeem the past. I meant to go away and stay till I could earn money to make up a little for the mischief I had done, but I couldn't start for so long without seeing home once more, and as luck would have it coming down here, I heard some people talking the wicked affair all over. They said my father hated the very sound of my name, and had forbidden mother ever to mention it again in his presence. Pleasant news, wasn't it? And great hope I had after that! I

wanted to go straight away then, but something drew me, I cannot tell what, something that wouldn't let me go till it got me right here, and now I would give anything if I had never seen the lights in the old rooms, or the people that don't seem to miss me at all any more than if I had been a hundred years under the sod. Let me go,' he muttered fiercely; 'anything to get away from this! Don't talk to me any more about parents' love; it's all a cheat, like friendship and the rest, good only while the sun shines.'

"Should I let him go thus?" I asked myself. What if I could set a star in the terrible night through which he saw not the faintest gleam? Then, I'm ashamed to own it, Beesie, some swift thought of self. Were it possible to restore this one to his justly forfeited portion, what would then become of my present bright prospects? Where would be the foundation upon which I had just been building such pleasant visions? 'And, after all, what business was it of mine?' whispered the tempter. 'Why should I trouble myself in the matter? For anything I knew, all that he said might be true, and if I mixed in the affair it might be only to make my uncle angry with me and lose his friendship, and with it the hope of having the home which I had been thinking might, even yet, be yours and mine.'

"But, close upon the thought of you, flashed back that last memory-picture which held you, and I seemed to hear, not the child-voice, but yours, singing:

'Let the good angels come in.'

"I understood; the words were meant for me; but there was a long struggle with self ere I could fully resolve to heed them—so long, that my captive demanded impatiently: 'Will you release me, or shall I fight you? I don't want to do that *here*.'

"No," I answered, 'not here or anywhere. I think you are mistaken in your father. I believe that if you show a right and manly spirit, the same home and the same hearts wait you still.'

"I'd do anything man could," he cried, eagerly; 'but you are deceiving me—it *can't* be true!'

"I think it can," replied I, drawing his arm through mine, and turning from the house. 'Tell me all, even to the worst, and I promise to help you in every way possible.'

"You ought to have seen the look that sprang into his face then. It was just what a man's might be who had floated for dreary days and nights alone on a desolate ocean,

when the first sail bore toward him. You will not care to hear his story now. It was the common one of a generous, social, yielding disposition, joined with what he called his 'contemptible fear of ridicule' on his side—and on that of his professed friends, craft, utter lack of principle, and skill to play upon his weaknesses.'

"His eyes were opened now," he said, gloomily; 'now when it was all too late!'

"Yes, it was too late to save his loving parents dreadful hours of suffering; to keep from his own name the stain that only years of penitent effort on his part could blot out; but not too late to gain forgiveness, or to start again in life, this time with hardly bought experience to keep him from further danger.' So I told him, so he came at length to believe. Then I gave him my plan. It was past midnight when we stood again at the gate.

"I can hardly wait for the morning, much as I dread it," said my cousin as we came up; 'and one thing let me say now—I see what a difference this might make, if successful, with your own prospects; and while I fully appreciate your self-sacrificing offer, I cannot accept it. I have justly lost the son's place; you have nobly earned it. I will receive only "the hired servant's," till I have proved myself worthy a better; then we will share alike.'

"How ashamed I felt, as he spoke, of my selfish hesitation, and almost daily since that time have I thanked God that He did not leave me in that temptation, but sent a memory-angel to warn me, for my cousin's reformation has proved full and perfect. Again is that home happy in the possession of a son, and one of whom his parents may well be proud, for how grand does the character show itself that can so resolutely put by its faults, and with manifold humility seek to atone for them. Ellis and I are soon to be partners, with united hopes and interests.

"And now, dear Beesie, ere I go farther let me say, I have been greatly to blame in the past; can you forgive me?"

"On condition that you forgive *me*," she answered, with a tearful attempt at smiling.

"You have been ever with me," he said, gently. "I have secretly hoped for you, even when trying to put you from my heart. Will you go back to the old, sweet days, and give me a certainty that my hope was not in vain?"

Do you think she told him nay? Then you should have seen them coming up the wood-path together. Beesie did not sigh now, like the wind that trailed the leaves about;

neither did she care for frosts without, since the spring time was singing and blossoming in her heart. And you should have been with them a little later, when in the tiny, pleasant parlor a joy-tuned chorus joined in the refrain of Daisy's favorite song—

"Gladly we'll open the door of our hearts
And let the good angels come in."

The echoes of that childish voice had travelled far, and done great work she knew not of. Who shall tell to what undreamed-of distance the ripple may yet reach?

THE FORESTS OF BRAZIL.

THE first sight of a Brazilian forest in all the fulness of its luxuriant vegetation, with its dark and solemn depths, that are rarely to be entered into save with the help of a pioneer corps of axemen, is something to be remembered for a lifetime. And while the forest scenery in the neighborhood of Rio is utterly unlike that of the Amazon, no idea of it in either locality can be formed by calling up a picture of the comparatively light and transparent woodlands of our more northern latitudes. Generally, one sees a solid, compact mass of green, matted with gigantic parasites, which seem to coil themselves around the trees like huge serpents. Of these "tree-killers," as they are called by the natives, for their corded embrace is certain death to the tree about which they wind, there are numerous varieties. In all, the stems and roots are attached to larger trees, from which they derive their sustenance. One curious species begins to grow among the upper branches of the tree it is finally to suffocate, and gradually works its way to the ground. There are still other kinds of parasitic vines and plants which fasten upon fallen and decayed trunks, mantling them with a beautiful drapery of greenness, variegated with the resplendent hues of orchids the most magnificent in the world.

On the mountains near Rio there are many remarkable forest views. On every side the landscape is covered with gigantic palms of every variety, with wild vines climbing to their tops and then descending in graceful festoons to the ground. Thunbergias, with their delicate straw-colored blossoms, creep over the rocks and shrubs; and the purple flowers of the Melastomas, conspicuous among the blue and yellow Bignonias, present a rich treat to the seeker after floral treasures. And these wild blooms, unnoticed and uncared for in their native forests, are with us the petted beauties of the conservatory and parlor-garden. Passion-

flowers, too, grow almost everywhere, lovely in blossom and tempting in luscious fruit.

Among the larger trees, are giant Euphorbias, mere shrubs in our climate, needing the conservatory to sustain their feeble growth. Another conspicuous tree in the neighborhood of Rio is the Candelabra tree, with its strangely regular branches, giving it a marked resemblance to the object from which it derives its trivial name. Its silvery foliage contrasts beautifully against the darker greens of the forest. Still more likely to attract the traveler's attention is the Sapucaia or Pot tree (*Lecythis ollaris*). It belongs to the same family as the Brazil Nut-tree, which latter, however, grows chiefly in the northern part of the empire. The fruits of the Sapucaia, of which there are several species, are from the size of an apple to that of an ordinary melon. They resemble a rusty iron pot with a lid. This lid dropping off, lets out the seeds, some fifty in number, about the size of almonds. They are oblong, grooved, and considered much superior to the common Brazil nut; but as the tree grows chiefly in the interior, they have not yet become an article of commerce.

Another native of the forests of Brazil, though not altogether peculiar to them, is the *Pao da Rainha* or Queen's Wood (*Casalpinia Brasiliensis*). The inner portion or heart of this tree, ground down to the size of ordinary sawdust, forms the Brazil-wood of commerce. Its crooked, knotty trunk seldom reaches higher than thirty feet. The tree itself is of straggling growth, and by no means handsome, though its flowers are of a brilliant red and quite fragrant. When first cut the wood is of a pale yellow, but reddens by exposure. It is a curious circumstance that Brazil-wood is said not to take its name from Brazil, but that the name of the country in which it is so abundantly found is derived from the wood itself.

Long before the discovery of Brazil there was an East Indian dye of the same or a similar name, supposed to be what is now known as Sappan wood.

But the glory of Brazil is its Palms. Found more or less abundantly over a large portion of this vast empire, they exhibit a richness of variety and a gigantic size unsurpassed, probably, in any other quarter of the globe. Nothing can be more majestic than a forest of these trees, shooting up their slender, pillar-like stems, often to more than a hundred feet before throwing out a leaf. And the usefulness of most of them is equalled only by the imposing beauty of their gigantic forms.

Among the loftiest, found chiefly in the marshes of the northern districts, is the Buriti Palm (*Mauritia vinifera*). Its leaves are fan-shaped, and form a large, globular head at the top of the tree. It bears a great number of nuts about the size of a hen's egg, from which a most coveted sweetmeat is prepared. The juice of the stem, to be obtained only by felling the tree, makes a very palatable drink, having much the flavor of sweet wine. Of the same genus is the beautiful Miriti Palm, with its hanging clusters of reddish fruit, and enormous, fan-like leaves, one of which is a load for a man. "I sat," writes Mrs. Agassiz, "for a long time watching an Indian cutting a leaf from a Miriti Palm. He was in the crotch of a single leaf, sitting as safely and as perfectly supported as if he had been on the branch of an oak, and it took many blows of his heavy axe to separate the leaf at his side from its parent stem." A pleasant drink is made from the fruit of the Miriti, and its stem and leaf serve a variety of useful purposes.

Wonderfully graceful and elegant are the Assai Palms, with their plummy crowns and their bunches of berry-like fruit hanging from a branch that shoots out far below the leaves. Often springing to the height of eighty feet, the stem of the Assai is yet rarely much more than four inches in diameter. The fruit is abundant, but small, in size and color resembling sloes, and consists of a hard seed, thinly covered with a firm, fleshy pulp, from which is prepared a thick, creamy liquid of a purplish hue and of a nutty flavor. This beverage is very popular in the province of Para, and is said to be quite nice eaten with sugar and a kind of coarse flour made from the Mandioca.

The Coconut Palm, though not indigenous to the country, seems to flourish in Brazil. Its tall, straight stem, its heavy, clustering fruits and its long plume of soft, cream-white blos-

soms, hanging high upon the tree just under its green canopy of leaves, render it a conspicuous and pleasing object in the landscape along the Amazon. Here, too, we meet with the Wine Palm, its crimson flowers and bright green berries hanging from its dark trunk like huge tassels of coral flecked here and there with emeralds. This Palm—a species of *Enocarpus*—is remarkable for the peculiar arrangement of its leaves, giving it, when seen from the front, if we may so speak, the appearance of a huge fan, while, looking at in profile, one sees only a tall, narrow plume. And, frequently, in the same landscape with this beautiful tree, the traveller will encounter those two curious Palms, the "Jupati" and "Bussu," the former vase-like in shape, and with plummy leaves, sometimes fifty feet in length; the latter, with stiff-looking, saw edged, almost upright leaves, thirty feet long; and both, from the shortness of their stems, seeming to spring full-leaved from the ground.

But of all the Brazilian Palms, the most valuable is the Carnauba or Wax Palm, of which there is a local saying, that where it abounds a man has all he needs for himself and his horse. The truth of this saying a statement of the various uses to which it is applicable abundantly demonstrates. It furnishes a valuable timber for house-building purposes; it yields a wax from which an excellent light is made; strong thread and cordage are manufactured from its silky fibre; the heart of the leaves, when cooked, forms a delicate substitute for cabbage; and, finally, it provides a very nourishing fodder for cattle.

But it would require a volume, rather than a necessarily short sketch, to describe ever so briefly the numerous Palms which diversify and adorn the forest scenery of Brazil. In the still luxuriant but more open and sunnier forests of the upper Amazon, they are comparatively rare. Here, however, there is a tree which rivals them in dignity, and is noteworthy as one of the few trees in that latitude which shed their leaves periodically. This is the Sumaumeira, or, as it is sometimes called, the Wool tree (*Eriodendron summauna*), a tree allied to the mallows of our northern latitudes. It is remarkable for its regular, rounded head, which, seen at a distance towering above the green mass of vegetation around it, appears like the dome of some vast cathedral. The seed-vessels of this magnificent tree contain a kind of wool, which is used by the natives for stuffing pillows. In this more northern region, too, we find the beautiful and stately *Bertholletia*

exceles, producing the well-known Brazil or cream-nuts of our fruit-shops. These nuts or seeds are contained in round, woody seed vessel, as large as a man's head, and so heavy and solid as to require a blow from a sledge-hammer to break it open. Here, also, grows the India-Rubber tree, a huge member of the family of milkweeds. And it is in this same Amazonian region that we find that most wonderful of Water-lilies—the Victoria regia—with its gigantic leaves five feet in diameter, and its gorgeous flowers, deepening in color from the velvety white outer petals through every shade of rose to the intensest crimson, and again paling to a rich creamy tint in the heart of the blossom.

But enough, perhaps, has been said to give the reader some faint notion of the main features which constitute the glory and magnificence of the forest scenery of Brazil. Yet, with all this beauty and splendor, this richness and variety of production which we have so imperfectly outlined, there are certain attendant discomforts calculated to sadly disturb the tourist's appreciation of what he sees around him. Especially is this true of the upper waters of the Amazon and in the forests embraced in the valley of that mightiest of rivers. Mosquitoes by night, and a host of minute but terribly annoying insects by day—we say nothing of reptiles—render life in the midst of all this grandeur and loveliness almost intolerable, even to the native inhabitants.

Of the mingled pleasures and annoyances of a walk in a Brazilian forest, we find a description in the work of a recent French tourist, with a translation of which we will bring our sketch to an end:

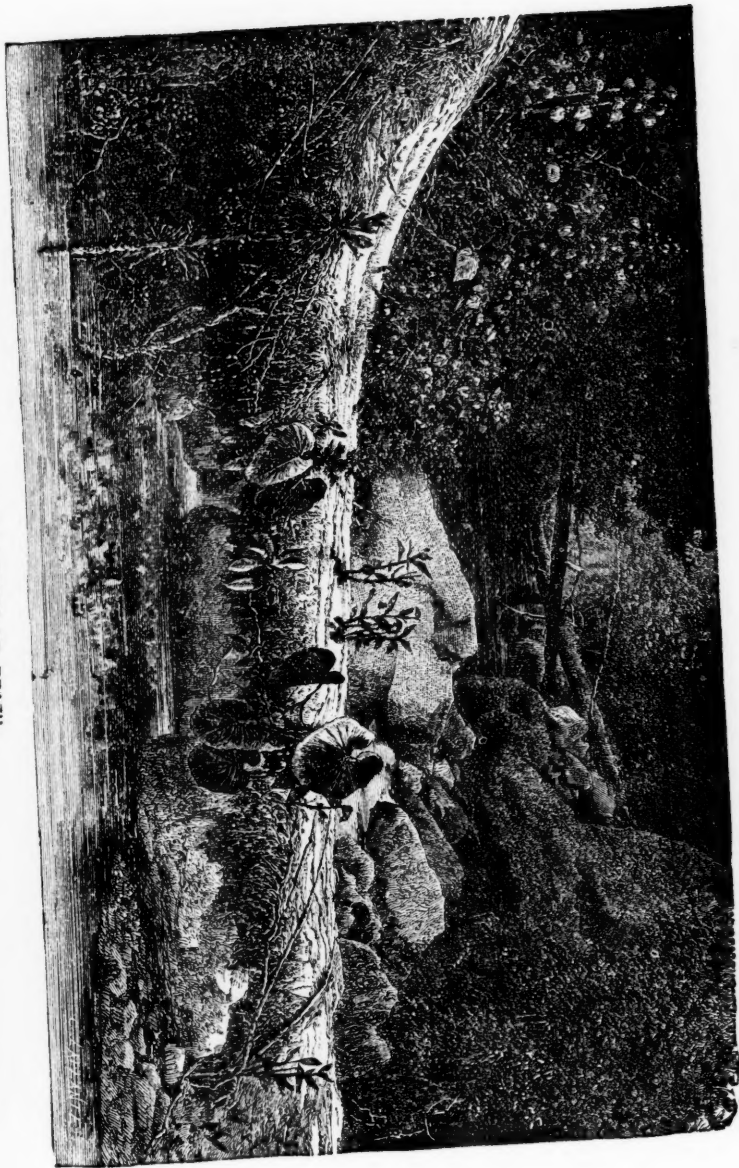
"Having got ready my sketch book, my pencils, my insect boxes, and everything needed for my forest-walk, I started out just as the sun was rising. The water in the stagnant pond, which had hitherto been a barrier to my explorations, had lowered considerably. It was now scarcely more than knee-deep. I was about to realize one of my most cherished dreams—a walk in the primeval tropical forest. It would be impossible to describe what I then experienced. A feeling of awe, mingled with astonishment and admiration, came over me. How insignificant I felt in the presence of these gigantic trees, which dated from the first ages of the world! I longed to paint all that I saw, and yet I did not feel able to begin. Alas!—I am compelled to say it—the mosquitoes were devouring me! They reigned masters in this wood, where the soil was kept

in a perpetual humidity by broad shadows, through which the sun rarely shot his rays. Here, never before had the foot of man penetrated. I had to hew my way with my sabre. If I stopped an instant, I was attacked on all sides. For many a day afterward I preserved the souvenirs of this the first of my excursions into the forest. Even now I hear the cries of the paroquets and the toucans perched on the topmost branches. I yet see crawling under the rank herbage that pretty vermilion-hued reptile which they call the coral snake, and whose bite is as surely death as is that of the viper or the rattlesnake. * * * I had entered the forest prepared to do battle with tigers. I say tigers, but only by a poetic license, for there are no tigers in America. One may encounter now and then a jaguar, a panther, a bear, or a wildcat; but, as for me, I saw to-day of wild animals but one solitary little monkey."

In these virgin forests of Brazil, with their rank vegetable life and their weird twilight gloom, man, of all animals, seems the most insignificant. Here, with a strange feeling of melancholy, he experiences a sensation of almost absolute nothingness. The lower animals are the sole lords of the soil. Crocodiles and water-serpents swarm in the rivers, whose margins, instead of banks, are vast walls of trees, overgrown with an impenetrable mass of vines and parasites. In the recesses of the surrounding wilderness, the jaguar, the ounce, the peccary, the tapir, and the monkey range fearlessly and undisturbed, as if in the enjoyment of a patrimony handed down to them from the first ages of the world. Yet never a bird song ripples with its sweet melody the airy currents that flow among the tops of the palms. Discordant twitters, shrill piping, screams, and ear-splitting shrieks there are, it is true; at times, that cause the listener's hair to stand on end with a strange feeling of dread. As the sun goes down, huge bats begin to flap their leathery wings—not the harmless winged mice of our northern latitudes, but vampire-visaged monsters, who fan you to sleep and then suck your blood, leaving you to wake in the morning weak and sore and used up generally.

With the bats come millions of mosquitoes. But these, after all, are a minor discomfort, compared to what one has to encounter in a species of tick, which, in countless numbers, is found making its home on the under side of the leaves of low-growing bushes. Should the traveller touch, be it ever so lightly, a twig

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upon which some of these pests have fixed themselves, they immediately fall upon him, and with incredible rapidity bury themselves in his flesh. If he attempts to scratch them away, their heads remain under the skin. An inflammation follows, and painful sores, until suppuration has removed the heads of the troublesome insects.

However numerous the forms of animal life in these primeval wildernesses, it is but rarely, and then only in certain districts, that any great variety of them is found in close proximity. In the interior of the forests, where no ray of sunlight illumines the solemn gloom and a ghostlike stillness reigns, the traveller may chance to see some solitary creature stealing away as if seeking a hiding-place buried in still deeper darkness. Then, again, he may be startled in his silent observations by the rustling sound of a swarm of lizards, huge spiders and a host of unknown creeping and crawling creatures, as they sweep past him in a living stream, flying in terror before an army of ants. He, too, will wisely shun the advancing column. The torture of blazing splinters thrust into his flesh can scarcely be more agonizing than the fiery keenness of the bites of these insects.

Should the observer wish to behold the animal life of the forest in all its fulness, he will do well to take the early morning for his visit to the woods, when the cooler atmosphere and the dewy freshness of the vegetation seem to invite him forth. Then, awakened by the dawning light, the sleeping mimosas unfold their sensitive leaflets, the flowers open their radiant chalice, and humming-birds, scattering diamonds with their invisibly vibrating wings, and gorgeously-hued butterflies dart and hover around the fragrant bloom, while the concert of the forest birds raises its noisy greeting to the approaching sun. Then, too, rising high above all other sounds, he will hear the fearful bass of the howling monkey, the bony drum of whose throat infuses such a volume of power into his voice that it rings for miles away through the echoing depths of the forest. For a moment every other outcry is hushed, even the sanguinary roar of the jaguar and the dismal neigh of the alligators in the river close at hand, submitting to be overborne by the voice of this harmless monkey, who, whether expressing his joy or his pain, can but utter the same frightful howl. Millions of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air. Parrots and paroquets, and macaws of the most resplendent hues—green, and red or blue, or

yellow—noisily chatter and scream high overhead in the tops of the palms.

In the lake like streams, which, seeming scarcely to flow, make up the mighty volume of the Amazon—that wonderful river of the forest—fish of every named and unnamed species swarm in the greatest abundance. They form an unfailing resource of food for the natives, who shoot the larger kinds with bows and arrows. Here, too, the eager hunter chases and harpoons those veritable river-monsters, the Fish-cow, the Manatee, or Lamantin, the Dugon, and a peculiar species of porpoise called the Boto. And how astonishing the number and the variety of the birds! In the coarse, sedgy grasses one sees flocks of all kinds of water birds, the most common of which is the Jacana, whose toes are immensely long in proportion to its size, enabling it to run upon the surface of the aquatic vegetation as if on solid ground. Snow-white storks, scarlet tanagers, hang-nest birds, thrushes, doves, woodpeckers, are seen on every side. Quite common, too, is that singular bird, the Fomeiro, or Oven-bird, so called from the oven like form of its extraordinary nest. It is built of clay as hard as stone, is about a foot in diameter, and stands edgewise upon a branch or in the crotch of a tree. Not unfrequently, as the traveller glides along in his canoe, he will see sitting upon the branch of some tree an odd-looking sloth, with his head sunk between his arms, the very picture of helpless indolence.

Perhaps the least to be dreaded of the animals of the Brazilian forests are its beasts of prey, those huge cats that go under the name of the jaguar, puma, and the like. Serpents of the most venomous kind creep among the thickets and underwood. Yet even these fly before the insect plagues. Of the ticks and the mosquitoes we have already spoken. To these pests let us add the locusts, which, in immeasurable swarms of many thousand millions, rustle along high above the tree-tops, prepared to swoop down at every opening upon the cultivated fields, where everything falls a victim to their voracity. Nothing can stay their ravages. Every effort against them is as vain as against the myriads of ants, before whose march all that can be devoured utterly disappears.

A GOOD man is in the constant endeavor to make involuntary good voluntary, whilst an evil man is in the endeavor, equally constant, to make involuntary evil voluntary.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

PRAYER.

BY CELIA M. BURLINGH.

"**THY** will be done," our lips are trained to saying:
My will be done, our urgent hearts implore;
But while we look for gifts to crown such praying,
God's *No* has crushed us—we will pray no more.

We're slow to learn that we have asked insanely;
Misread the text; and so reversed the spell
Of benediction meant for all—not mainly
That *I* and *mine* may in the sunshine dwell.

That we must loose the idols we are holding,
Ere we can rightly lift our hands in prayer,
Though life go with them;—and our arms, unfolding
That dear embrace, drop nerveless with despair.

When, swooning downward prone before God's altar,
Our eyes close blindly, and we think all's done;
An arm uplifts us; and our steps that falter
Are guided forth—and lo! a day begun.

With morning brightness all the East is burning,
Although but now we deemed the daylight dead;
And up the rugged steeps our way discerning,
We ask for guidance—and for daily bread.

Not bread alone, but all good gifts bestowing,
God's angel sends us strengthened on our way;
With sacramental wine life's cup o'erflowing,
And palms kept clean from idols, let us pray.

IN A GARRET.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THIS realm is sacred to the silent past.
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams;—the years are long, since last
A stranger's footfall pressed the creaking stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;
And here, like some strange presence, ever clings
A homesick smell of dry, forgotten herbs—
A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,
For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those
Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof,
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrancers of childish joys—
Old fairy stories, conned and conned again;
A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
Beloved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters;—wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

(54)

This mildewed chest behind the chimney holds
Old letters, stained and nibbled;—faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo, love's prophecies and sweet regrets—
A tress of chestnut hair—a love-lorn rhyme,
And fragrant dust which once was violets.

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse, that shaped
His winter nest between these rugged beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams!

Here, where the gray, incessant spiders spin,
Shrouding from view the sunny world outside,
A golden bumble-bee has blundered in,
And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
So the warm living heart, that loves the light,
Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
Which hides Time's buried mysteries from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
And close again the long-unopened door.

Scribner's Monthly.

THROUGH LIFE.

WE slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp.
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;
Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For evermore."

BE CONTENT.

SAW ye ne'er a lonely lassie,
Thinkin' gin she were a wife,
The sun of joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life?
Saw ye ne'er a wearie wife,
Thinkin' gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass.
Wives and lassies, young and aged,
Think na on eachither's state;
Ilka aye, it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka aye it has its blessings,
Peevish dinna pass them by,
But like choicest berries seek them,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

COMFORTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS WITH A CHILD."
IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER V.

It was all right with the motherless baby. From one soft, warm bosom it went to another, unconscious of the change, and made for itself a home there, blessing and blest.

It was touching to see, as I saw it many times in the first few months that followed this new relation, the conflict that often came up in the heart of Mrs. Langdon, between the old love and the new. The slow but steady absorption of interest in the baby that grew lovelier in her eyes every day; that claimed more and more of her care and thought; and the gradual removal, as it were, of that other baby, whose loss had almost broken her heart, to a farther and farther distance, so that the thought of it sometimes did not come to her for hours together, was working a visible change in her life and feelings.

But there were times when memory suddenly brought the lost one so near to her, with a revival of old tendernesses, that her very soul became flooded with grief—times, when, turning from the present, she took herself away from all observation, and alone with God and the past, wrestled over again with the sorrows that had once shaken the very foundation of her life.

But these states became of less and less frequent occurrence, and their absorption of her feelings less and less intense, until they assumed at last the form of a tender sadness, fed by sweet memories of infantile grace and loveliness—like a sweet dream crystallized.

An event, that occurred about a year after she took to her heart the motherless baby, completed the change that had been going on in her feelings, and grief became a passive sentiment—pure, patient and resigned.

I called one morning about this time.

"How is baby?" I asked. I had heard on the day before that he was not very well.

"Oh, I'm afraid," she answered.

The anxious fear in her eyes expressed more than her words.

"What ails him?" I inquired.

"The doctor does not say," I noted a kind of choking huskiness in her voice. "Come up and see him," she added. I followed her to the chamber, where he was lying in his crib. As I entered I observed a faint but peculiar odor in the atmosphere of the room, and felt a shadow of vague concern pass over me. He lay in a heavy kind of sleep. His face was flushed; and as I touched it lightly with my hand, I noted the heat as unnatural. We both

stood looking down upon him for a good while without speaking. The name of a dreaded disease was in my thought, and I doubted not in hers also. But neither of us gave voice to a word the sound of which is so full of alarm.

The doctor came in soon after. I watched his face as he bent over the crib. It was grave and thoughtful. He felt the baby's pulse, looked closely at his skin in a peculiar way that sent a throb of fear to my heart, and then asked a few questions.

"What ails him, doctor?" Mrs. Langdon asked, anxiously.

"Nothing very serious, I hope," the doctor replied, trying, as I saw, to speak in a half-indifferent tone.

She fixed her eyes keenly upon him, seeking to read his face.

"A little thing," he added, "will often disturb the balance of health in a child."

"But he has a great deal of fever, doctor," said Mrs. Langdon.

"Yes, some fever—but that is very common with children when anything ails them. In an hour from this time his flesh may be as soft and cool as ever."

"Isn't his skin very red, doctor?" my friend asked.

"His face is a little flushed," was answered evasively.

"Oh, doctor! I feel very anxious!" exclaimed Mrs. Langdon, her fears pressing for voice, and she wound one hand within the other in a nervous way. "If it should be!"

She held back the word, as if its very utterance would have a malign power.

The doctor was at no loss for her meaning; nor was I.

"Don't give yourself any needless anxiety," he answered, in an assuring voice. "A very little thing produces fever in a child. It will all be right in a few hours."

"Is there much scarlet fever about, doctor?" she asked, with a forced calmness, so complete, that she scarcely betrayed the fear that was making her heart sick.

"Not a great deal," the doctor replied, quietly.

Then there was silence—a very oppressive silence for many moments. It was broken by a moan, and then a cry of suffering from the sick child, who put his hands to his throat as if something hurt him.

"O baby! darling!" cried Mrs. Langdon, bending over him, and lifting his head upon her arm. "Does anything hurt baby?"

I saw enough in the doctor's face to confirm all my fears. His close examination of the baby's throat did not cause his face to brighten.

"Oh, doctor!" said my friend, her face growing deadly pale. "Don't deceive me! Is it scarlet fever?"

Before replying, he examined the skin on various parts of the child's body; then said: "Nothing more serious than scarlet rash, I trust."

Mrs. Langdon staggered back a few paces from the crib, and sat down, looking very pale and frightened. She was not deceived. She knew it was scarlet fever, and of no mild type.

In a little while she got up and stood over the crib, looking down upon the sick baby with eyes that saw but dimly through tears. The fear and agitation shown just before were hiding themselves, and in their place signs of a loving, self-abnegating care for the sufferer were becoming visible. The frightened mother was losing herself in the tender nurse.

"Tell me just what to do, doctor," she said, with a calmness of tone and manner that took me by surprise; "for I know that the physician depends quite as much on his nurse as on his medicine."

"Yes, good nursing is worth quite as much as medicine—often more," replied the doctor. "I think, in this case," he added, with an assuring manner, "that we have all the advantages on our side."

He then made a prescription, and after giving a few simple directions went away.

For many days, as the disease advanced to a crisis, it seemed to baffle all the physician's skill and the nurse's care. The type was very malignant. I was with my friend almost constantly. She allowed herself neither rest nor sleep. No hand but hers gave the medicine; and no hand but hers ministered to the restless sufferer. By night and by day she hovered about him like an angel. It was all in vain that I entreated her to care a little for herself; to give me the watcher's place for an hour at a time. She could not be drawn from her post.

At last the crisis came, and life and death hung in so even a balance that a pulse-beat seemed strong enough to break the equipoise. At this point my friend was very calm. You could detect no tremor in her low voice when she spoke, no unsteadiness of hand when she lifted and turned the little sufferer, or put the medicine to his lips. She moved about the chamber with a slow, yet firm and decided air—like one wholly self-possessed and clear-sighted. She expressed no doubt, uttered no word of fear, but gave herself wholly to the work of saving a life that was in most imminent peril.

At eleven o'clock at night the doctor called. It was his third visit in twenty-four hours. We received him in silence. He came and stood over the baby, looking at him steadily for some moments. Then he laid his fingers on the pulse and timed the beats by his watch.

"Have you noticed any change?" he asked.

We shook our heads.

Meanwhile, the baby lay in a heavy stupor. His

face and neck were red and badly swollen. His lips crusted with fever sores. His eyes half open, but not disclosing the dark pupils. He moaned now and then feebly.

"There will be a change before to-morrow morning," the doctor said as he arose to go; "and I trust it will be for the better."

Mrs. Langdon did not stir, nor lift her eyes from the baby's face. There was nothing assuring in the doctor's voice. It was plain that he feared the worst. I walked with him to the door, and we parted in silence. Coming back, I seated myself beside Mrs. Langdon, and watched with her for a long time, neither of us putting our thoughts or our fears into words. At midnight the baby was lying in a stupor so heavy that he seemed scarcely to breathe.

Slowly the hours passed. One, two and three were rung out, and still we could note no change. Through all this long period of anxious suspense we had spoken but little to each other, and then only in voices suppressed to whispers.

It was after four o'clock. Glancing out of the window that looked eastward, I saw just along the horizon the faint liftings of daybreak. The dim precursor of morning held my eyes for a few moments. I turned from it to look at the baby. How still he lay—still almost as if dead! Yet, even as I looked at his motionless form, hope took lodgment in my heart. Something about him that I could not then make tangible, told me that the crisis had been safely passed. I leaned close down over him and listened to his breathing. It was soft and even, but very faint. By the dim light in the chamber, I now saw that his face had lost much of its red and tumid character, and looked pale and wasted. He did not stir, nor moan, nor give any sign of suffering or unrest.

A deep, almost supernatural hush pervaded the room. Mrs. Langdon, who for nearly an hour past had sat motionless as a statue, now bent over the child. There was the sound of a spasm in her throat as she caught her breath. I felt a shiver in her frame. She had noticed the death-like stillness and pallor, and her first impression was that the end had come.

"The crisis is past," I said, trying to steady my voice, "and he is safe!"

She fell against me heavily—all strength going out of her. I supported her to a lounge, and laid her upon it. She remained very still, like one in a deep sleep, for several minutes. Leaving her I went back to the crib, my heart trembling in suspense between new-born hope and the fear which had lain upon it for long hours like an oppressive nightmare.

The visible signs of a healthy change in the baby's condition were so few and small, that in searching for them I seemed to lose them. I could not so much see as feel by a kind of inner sense that he was better. I held my very breath as I stood there, lest a sound or motion should disturb

the sleeping babe, and sway the trembling balance of life adversely. A faint rustle of garments came to my ears, and then I felt them touch me. Two forms again bent over the still sleeper. I turned and looked into Mrs. Langdon's face. It was white as ashes. I drew my arm about her, saying in a whisper, "It is all coming right, thank God!" Again she caught her breath with a spasm. I felt as before the shiver in her frame. But this time it was a struggle for the repression of joy instead of despair.

When the doctor came that morning all our hopes were confirmed. He pronounced the crisis safely over.

From that time, no memory of the baby in Heaven had power to revive the old hungry sorrow that had eaten into her life. Her thought of him was sacred and sanctified, and left a sweet peace and rest in her soul. It was as if his presence with her had been only in a vision, the remembrance of which haunted her like strains of sweetly solemn music.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

JOHN RUSKIN, speaking to women, says: "Queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond." And if the sceptre falls into weak and unworthy hands, incalculable mischief is wrought.

For whatever may be said as to the rights and wrongs of woman, it will not be denied that in everything relating to man's spiritual and moral well-being, her influence is paramount. We care not how good or great a man may be, if he has a vain and frivolous wife, whose highest earthly happiness is to ride in a carriage with liveried footmen, and have a set of diamonds "exactly like Mrs. A.'s," that man's powers are trammelled thereby.

And while we do not, by any means, believe one-half the newspapers tell us of women's extravagance in dress, we are compelled to own that fashion fills up too much of her time and thoughts, to the exclusion of higher interests. It is doubtless her duty to look as pretty as she can, and whatever will aid her in effecting this object is not to be despised. But the line of distinction must be carefully drawn between that which is graceful and refined in dress, and that which is simply fashionable, without other merit whatever.

Fashion is a remorseless tyrant to all who yield her implicit obedience, and should only be followed as a guide so far as she does not violate the dictates of taste and beauty. Every woman should be independent enough to dress becomingly and within her means, without reference to what "Mrs. B. or Miss C. wears," or what they will say or think. A certain conformity to the prevailing mode is necessary and ladylike, for we are not one of those who think it would be well if the styles didn't change more than once in a century.

Nature, to be sure, charms us year after year with the same verdant foliage and bright-hued

flowers, but human beings are different, and it would be tiresome enough if our dresses and bonnets were always to be of the same cut and shape. No, no, let them vary as often as they will, but don't waste your time or exhaust your patience in remodeling a "suit" that was graceful and elegant last season, merely because it does not quite come up to all the requirements of fashion now.

Women must have time to breathe and to think, as well as to remodel dresses, and if they do not, it is frequently their own fault. We are speaking now of those whose means are limited, and whom circumstances compel to do most of their own sewing.

How many of them, from morning until night, bend over that remorseless machine which a kind and considerate husband brought into the house, thinking to lighten their labors, although to his surprise it has had exactly the opposite effect. They stitch and tuck, they ruffle and flounce, and the newspaper is laid by unread, and neither cloudless skies nor the breaths of fresh air that steal in through the window can tempt them out of doors. What wonder they grow pale and sallow and sickly, and lose temper and good looks at the same time? Are the paltry tucks and ruffles and flounces worth the cost? Pretty enough they are, we admit, and to be desired, but not at the risk of sacrificing what is of far more importance—health, and strength, and a sunny, genial disposition.

Neatness of fit, and colors that harmonize well with the face and figure of the wearer, are essential to a lady's costume, but not elaborate trimming. And if the latter can only be obtained by the loss of time and strength that might better be employed elsewhere, let fashion decree what she will, but yield no slavish submission to her caprices. Plainness and simplicity are not incompatible with elegance, and a multiplicity of trimmings does not always make a woman well-dressed. It often has a contrary tendency, however, and gives her a fussy, uncomfortable sort of look.

The sewing-machine, useful as it is in a household, is unworthy a woman's exclusive devotion. The mind and heart must be cared for as well as the body. How foolish, then, for a woman to say that she can never find time to look into a book or take a morning walk, and the next minute boast what a quantity of ruffling and tucking she accomplished the day before! The book and the walk are certainly not unattainable, and the only difficulty is that she has bent over the sewing-machine until her soul cannot rise above its level.

Then, too, a passion for dress and display gives rise to all sorts of uncharitableness. Sad though it is to say it, there is many a wife and mother who neglects imperative duties that her own and her children's clothes may be the envy of her neighbors. To be considered fashionable is the one absorbing desire of her life. For this she is ready to sacrifice herself, her husband, and her children. Her queenhood is trailed in the dust, gloom and darkness settle down upon her household, and the home that should have been rife with blessings is a barren, desolate place. What can you expect from children raised in such an atmosphere, except that they will flee from it as soon as circumstances permit? What from the husband who is doomed to hear interminable discussions as to the latest style of hats, and bonnets, and dresses, interspersed with remarks like the following: "Miss A.'s new silk is trimmed with nothing but imitation lace, after all; Miss Pryemout told me so to-day. I was certain that she couldn't afford *real*." "Mrs. B. called this morning; she had on her Irish poplin, and a bonnet *so* out of style, exactly like the one I wore last winter," etc., etc. Is it surprising if the husband of such a wife deteriorates morally and intellectually? There is nothing strengthening or purifying in the home influences that surround him; instead of rest and comfort, he finds there ceaseless worry and anxiety. He is driven elsewhere for congenial society and companionship, and the foolish wife exclaims, with the air of a martyr, "I can't see why James doesn't stay with me evenings, as he used to when we were first married. But I suppose it's the way with all married men. They would rather talk to anybody else than their own wives."

Dress must occupy a subordinate place in the thoughts of women, if they wish to obtain, not only the love, but the respect and veneration of their husbands and sons. The sheen of silks and the glow of jewels are pleasant things to look upon, but if they are not united to a mind that has higher objects of interest than these, and a heart whose instincts are pure and womanly, they cannot win for their possessor aught save a fluctuating sovereignty over the hearts of her subjects. There is a beauty of the soul that lights up the plainest features, and gives to the wearer of a simple calico dress, grace and dignity in the eyes of her own household.

"Be ye not, therefore, idle and careless quakers, grasping at majesty in the least things while you abdicate it in the greatest."

HOSPITALITY WITHOUT GRUDGING.

AN excellent article with the above title, written by Edith Gray, appears in the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*:

This morning a poor man came to our house to sell my father a cow. He had walked five miles through the snow, and looked very tired. He was sorry to part with his cow, but said they had all been sick this fall, and he was obliged to do so in order to get food for the children through the winter. He looked far from strong, and I pitied him. But my mother did more than that. She came into the kitchen where I was paring potatoes, for our dinner, and said:

"Just wash your hands, Edith, and get out the little waiter; put a plate of biscuit on it, while I heat up this coffee; now you may put on a little plate of butter, a piece of mince-pie, and some doughnuts. I will cut off some beef from the outside of this roast, as it is nice and brown. Now all is ready but the coffee, and that will boil in a minute or two over this hot coal-fire. Take it now, and put it on the little stand before Mr. Weaver. I know it will do him good; I dare say they live poorly this hard winter."

I felt sorry for the man, but it took my good mother to do all this for his comfort. She always offers refreshment to persons stopping here whom she thinks would be the better for it. I never knew my mother's cupboard so empty that there was not something in it for the needy. I don't believe there is a poor child in the town who has not had cause to remember it one time or another. They like to come to our house on errands.

It did my heart good to see the pleased look on the poor man's face. The surprise was so great he hardly knew what to say at first. But I did not wait long in the room after placing it before him, as I thought he could eat more comfortably if left to himself. He looked over the waiter with a real famine-like eagerness, much as he tried to restrain himself.

"Give him a good price for his cow, father," I whispered, as I pulled his sleeve when he was passing through into the dining-room.

"How much are you willing to deny yourself for the sake of his poor family, pusey?" he asked, pinching my cheek softly.

"About five dollars, I think, father."

"All right then," he said, giving me one of his quiet laughs in the corner of his gray eyes.

My father does not beat a poor man down in his prices. I believe he does business just as he thinks the Lord would approve if he were standing by. If there is one lesson of my childhood which I shall never forget, it is this—of being kind to the poor.

He made his bargain with the man, and when he counted out the bills he laid a five-dollar note on the top, and said:

"There is a Christmas gift for your little ones." The poor man burst into tears. After awhile he said:

"Mr. Gray, I always heard you were a good man to the poor, but I never expected such treatment as I have had here to-day. May the Lord reward you a hundred fold! If you will let me, miss, I'll take these doughnuts you have set for me home to my little Jane. I wouldn't be so bold, but she has been poorly ever since she got over the sickness, and yesterday she was crying for one of these very fried cakes."

"Take them, and welcome," I said, "and I will send her a paper of them beside."

It did not take my mother long to fill up the large basket she had with good things for that

poor family, not forgetting some especial dainties in one corner for the sick child.

"We can do without doughnuts till next baking day," she said, as she emptied the whole painful into the basket.

I know that poor family will have one good meal this winter, and I would eat potatoes and salt for dinner for a week for the sake of the pleasure it gives me every time I think of it. Father hailed a team which was passing, and got the man a ride almost to his home. He went away with a very different look from that which he wore when he came in.

When I have a home of my own, I mean to use hospitality, just as my mother does. I wish there were more housekeepers "given" to it as she is. I am sure that poor family will not soon forget her; and I think, after all, we have the most unmixed happiness about it.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEATNESS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

THE following article, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, appearing in the *Christian Union*, we recommend to the attention of all housekeepers:

"Will you please tell me how large to make sheet and pillow tidies, and how to arrange them? Also, how a woman, in poor health, two or three in the family, six cows, and no help, can keep anything neat and tidy?"

We never could understand how any woman under such circumstances could succeed at all in carrying her burdens if she did not "keep everything neat and tidy." Neatness should save work, not increase it. With "a place for everything, and everything in its place," and well cleaned before it is put there, one can turn off much more work, with far less fatigue, than if each article, as fast as used, were thrown aside anywhere, to be searched for when next wanted, and then cleaned, before it could be again used, consuming in the search more time than it would take to do the work for which it was wanted. Every housewife knows that if any article is set aside uncleaned it will take more than double the time to get it in a proper condition when next wanted, than if it had been immediately cleaned when used. Knives, forks, spoons, plates and dishes, are hard to clean if left unwashed till what remains on them gets hard and is thoroughly dried. After making bread or pastry the bread-board and rolling-pin can be washed and made spotlessly clean in less than five minutes, if done immediately; but set them aside for an hour or two, or until next needed, and you will find it will take time and strength which you can ill afford to

waste, to get them in working order again; or if used unwashed—and we have known such cases—your bread or pastry will reveal the carelessness. Just so with paint, floors, windows, and each and every kind of work. If you let them pass day after day till dust and dirt accumulate in every direction—for these are industrious workers—by and by, from regard to your own comfort and convenience, you must take a day, perhaps two or three, to repair the damages, and it will be hard work; whereas, a few minutes' dusting or sweeping, or use of a clean cloth and water, each day, will easily conquer dust and dirt, moth and rust, and you will find far less fatigue in the operation. We mention these things simply to serve as examples; the same method carried into every part of your work, will save your time and strength, and yet "keep everything neat and tidy."

Sheet tidies should be as long as the sheet is wide, and about half a yard deep, and spread over that part of the sheet that is turned over the spread at the head of the bed. They hide the wrinkles and tumbled look of the upper sheet after it has been once slept on, and give the bed a neat look, that is very desirable. Pillow tidies may be made two and a half yards long, and from three-quarters to a yard wide, according to the width of the pillows, and spread over both when the bed is made, or cut in two pieces, covering each pillow separately. They may be made with a simple deep hem or a hem and tucks, braided, embroidered, or ruffled, according to your fancy, time or means. They may be made of new linen or cotton, or when old sheets are too far worn out to be used as sheets for smaller beds, the proper length and width may be cut from such parts as are whole, and hemmed, tucked, or ruffled,

nically starched and ironed, and used for tidies. They should, of course, be removed and neatly folded each night, and with care will not require washing oftener than once a month. They are a great convenience, as a bed may be kept always looking attractive, and neat enough to relieve you of all fear of unexpected callers, or company; and when the house is small, and one is compelled perhaps to have a bed in the sitting-room, add much to your comfort and peace of mind.

RECEIPTS FOR COOKING.

SWEET OMELET.—Beat up the whites of four and the yolks of six eggs, with a very small pinch of salt. Put a piece of fresh butter in the omelet pan, and directly it is melted, pour in the eggs. As soon as they are set fold up the omelet, inserting within the fold as much apricot jam as will lie in it. Turn out the omelet neatly on its dish, cover it with powdered sugar, and glaze it with a red-hot salamander. Beat up the eggs as above, with the addition of a large pinch of powdered cinnamon, and two

tablespoonfuls of powdered loaf sugar. When cooked, glaze with sugar and serve.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil and mash potatoes enough to make about three pints when mashed; to three quarts of rich beef stock, ready boiling, add pepper and salt to the taste; stir the potatoes gradually into the boiling stock, then pass all through a sieve and return to the soup kettle; simmer five minutes, and serve with fried bread, or one head of celery; two spoonfuls of rice may be put to the stock, well boiled, and the potatoes added when all are done, then pass through the sieve, return to soup kettle, simmer five minutes and serve.

PILLAU.—Put into a stewpan a pint of good, clear soup or brown gravy; to this add a quarter of a pound of minced fresh meat—mutton or beef—and three ounces of rice; flavor with ginger, lemon-juice, pepper and salt. Stew gently for not less than three-quarters of an hour, then remove the lid, and allow the pillau to dry until the grains of rice separate; next take a fork and turn out the contents of the stewpan on to a dish, and form into an oval shape. Garnish with hard-boiled egg and small dice of bacon. Serve as hot as possible.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL THE HEART OF CHRIST. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co., 117 Washington street. 1872. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Philadelphia.

This is the most remarkable book of the season—perhaps of the century. Upon a large proportion of our American reading public it has fallen as a great surprise—for a select few had read portions of it in *The Monthly Religious Magazine*. It is a strictly theological work, yet without a particle of the dulness which so often characterizes works of this class. It is a grand prose poem upon as lofty a theme as ever engaged the pen of mortal. Yet, unlike most poems, it abounds in strong and irresistible argument, deep philosophy, and good, solid, common sense. Every link in its chain of reasoning is welded so strong as to satisfy even the cravings of a mathematician in that direction. Its philosophy reaches a depth far beyond that of Emanuel Kant or John Stuart Mill. Its criticism is of the most searching and incisive kind—exposing in a masterly manner the shallowness of the Tubingen school, and sweeping their cobwebs clean away. Its spirit is sweet as the breath of a summer morning, or the perfume of new-mown hay. Its catholicity is broader than that of any of the existing churches. Its diction is remarkably pure; and the volume, from beginning to end, gives evidence of careful preparation, profound research, ripe scholarship, an earnest purpose, and a most reverent spirit. We rarely meet with poe-

try, philosophy, scholarship, logic, rhetoric, common sense and religion, all harmoniously blended in one book; but we have the marvelous combination in the work before us. No wonder, therefore, that the book is read and praised alike by orthodox and heterodox. It is not too much to expect that it will inaugurate a new era in theological thought and discussion.

Mr. Sears, we understand, is nominally a Unitarian—settled, it is said, over a Unitarian parish. But if the rejection of the essential divinity of Jesus Christ, be, as we have always understood, a distinguishing characteristic of Unitarianism, Mr. Sears cannot be reckoned as really belonging to that communion. On the great central doctrine of Christianity, his view is very far from that commonly known as Unitarian. Take, for illustration, the following passages—and many similar ones might be cited: "THE DIVINE INCARNATION in the Lord Jesus Christ, we conclude to be the distinguishing doctrine of the Johannean theology."—(p. 531.) "I believe all this worship [given to Him who sat upon the throne, as recorded in the Apocalypse] is rendered to the Logos of God, who appeared as the Son of Man; to God speaking, or humanized to our finite conceptions and our deepest spiritual needs. It is the Word which was in the beginning with God, which is God in self-revelation."—(p. 529.) "Jesus in his full Messiahship has passed into this consciousness of the divine, and speaks from it, and the I is no longer the man

Jesus, but the Word that existed before Abraham was, which was always with God, which always was God in the act of self-revelation."—(p. 487.)

Yet the author holds to the strict *personal* unity of God, and is therefore quite as remote in his view from the popular Trinitarianism of our day as he is from Unitarianism. Thus he says: "Let no one say that this is Sabellianism or Arianism, or Trinitarianism if that means the worship of three persons."—(p. 487.) "Assuming that there are three persons in the Godhead, or three self-conscious Wills, is precisely where Trinitarianism breaks up in Tritheism."—(p. 550.)

The main purpose of the book is to evolve the contents of the Johannean writings—that is, the fourth Gospel, the Catholic Epistle, and the Apocalypse. And, incidentally, the author aims to establish the integrity and genuineness of the records and their identity of authorship. And this he does by reference to abundant historic memorials, and by a historical argument which, for fairness, exhaustiveness, originality, and strength of logic, we have never seen equalled.

We regard this book as altogether the most valuable contribution to theological literature which has been made during the present century, and one destined to exert a most powerful and benign influence on all the churches. For no minister or theological student can afford to be without it, while no one can read it attentively without being profoundly impressed by it.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Philadelphia: *Eldredge & Brother*.

A convenient and compendious manual, meeting, in a great measure, a want that has long been felt. But, while expressing our satisfaction with the general plan and arrangement of the work, we cannot but wish Mr. Hart had been a little more liberal in his own critical judgments, and somewhat more judicious in his selections from the critical summings-up of others. We hardly think it fair, for instance, to condemn a poet on the sole authority of Dr. Johnson, who, with all due deference to the great moralist, he it said, was neither a remarkable poet nor a very competent judge of poetry. We notice, also, occasional oversights, which may prove perplexing to students. On page 217, for example, the authorship of "The Beggar's Opera" is rightly credited to Gay; but, on page 335, we find it given to Sheridan, and that, too, on the authority of Byron!

BEDÉ'S CHARITY. By Hesba Stretton, author of "Max Kromer," etc. New York: *Dodd & Mead*.

A beautiful and truly Christian story, teaching the highest lessons of patience, charity, and trust. The narrative is one of deep yet quiet interest, and contains many passages of the most touching and tearful pathos. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

A MORNING AT BETH-EDEN.

At the corner of Broad and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, stands a beautiful church edifice, known as Beth Eden. Every Thursday morning during the past winter and spring there have been services in this church, of an unusual character, drawing to its elegant interior many hundreds of devout religious people, mostly women.

A lady, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, once a member of Friends' meeting, had, under the progressive movement that has been for some years disturbing and disintegrating the people among whom she held a birth-right, drifted away from her old moorings. She was earnest, self-poised, and clear-sighted, and in search of heavenly truth. The "inner light" was not sufficient for her, and so she turned to the Bible and searched the Scriptures, in order to learn the will of God. And the Bible spoke to her in a new language, and she saw meanings that were hidden before. She recognized it as the Word of God—inspired, holy, true; the only guide to Heaven.

And now, keeping to the old order of her life, she was moved to bear testimony to the new light that

had broken upon her soul, and to the power she had found in the divine Word. She could not keep silent; she must speak to others of the wonderful things she had found in God's law; and of the strength, comfort, peace and refreshment of soul she had gained through prayer. So, in the parlors of a Christian lady, residing on Arch street, she met a few friends, to whom she talked of God and his goodness, and taught them from the Bible as she understood it.

The fame of all this soon spread, and it was not long before the parlors were too small to contain those who came to hear her. A public hall was next engaged, where a few meetings were held. Then the church of Beth-Eden was offered, and its use accepted, and there for months the lady expounded Scripture to crowded assemblies, chiefly of her own sex.

Having heard much about this lady and her power over her audiences, we felt drawn, one pleasant Thursday morning in April, toward Beth-Eden, and went as we were drawn. On entering, some twenty minutes before the time at which the services were to begin, we found a congregation of

between four and five hundred already assembled, nearly all were women. A little after eleven o'clock Mrs. Smith made her appearance, and, in company with a lady friend, took her seat on the platform. She is of medium height, and slender in person, with a firm, decided step, and a manner, indicative of self-confidence. Her face is pleasant, her eyes bright and restless, and her whole air that of one absorbed in the new work to which she feels herself called—that of expounding the Scriptures.

A deep hush fell upon the audience as she took her seat. Then broke upon the still air the voice of her friend, singing in strains of unusual sweetness the opening words of a hymn, in which many joined. All was subdued and impressive. At the close of the singing, a clergyman who was present, offered a prayer.

Sitting, with a small Bible in her hands, Mrs. Smith, as soon as these services were over, announced in a clear, steady voice, the subject of her morning instruction. It was Prayer. It is not our purpose to give a report of all she said, nor to follow her line of thought in the order presented; but simply to make a few notes, from which the reader may get some idea of her views. She held that prayer was not a mere religious ceremonial, but a high and inestimable privilege. That praying by rote, and at set times as a religious duty, was really no prayer at all, and effected nothing for the human soul. A need must be felt, and the suppliant must go to God under the pressure of this need, and ask to have it supplied—ask confidently and persistently—and the answer would be sure; always provided that iniquity was not regarded in the heart. It might not be just in the way expected; but God would be moved and influenced by the prayer, and would answer it in the way best for him who prayed.

She quoted largely from all parts of Scripture to show that God would answer prayer, even to the *suspension of natural laws*, and the *change of his own purposes*; and gave many instances from the literal sense in proof, such as the standing still of the sun and moon, and the declaration of our Lord that mountains could be removed and trees plucked up by the roots in answer to prayers made strong by the needed faith.

She urged upon her hearers, with deep earnestness and with a kind of magnetism born of her own convictions, to accept with unwavering faith the promises of God to answer prayer. To go to him for everything, temporal as well as spiritual, in the full belief that they would receive what they asked for; and gave, as an instance of how through prayer even natural conditions of life might be changed, the case of her own children, who were once in poor health, but who, in answer to her prayers, became well and strong.

The argument in favor of her position, that through prayer natural laws might be suspended or set aside, was ingenious, though not convincing. It was, in substance, that prayer had its laws as

well as everything else; and that these laws superseded those of nature when made active through faith.

She spoke for nearly two hours, in an earnest, familiar, impressive way, almost constantly turning the leaves of the Bible she held in her hands, and reading the passages by which she sought to prove or illustrate the various points in her subject. Few that heard her could have failed to receive higher and more practical views of prayer; or to be impressed with its need. She took the whole subject out of the region of indeterminate ideas, and brought it down as a power in common life, to be used at all times and under all circumstances. It was right to pray for protection in danger; for help in adversity; for health in sickness; for worldly prosperity; for success in our undertakings; in fact for everything appertaining to our natural or spiritual lives. And in so doing, if we pray aright, fully trusting God, and not cherishing evil in our hearts, He would surely answer us; not always in the ways expected, but yet surely for our good. In proof of this, she brought a large array of texts in which God promises that if we ask we shall receive.

Mrs. Smith, in her study of the Bible, has come into much interior light. But in her efforts to hold fast to the mere letter, is forced to untenable conclusions; as in her assertion that by prayer man can change the infinite, all-wise purposes of God; or suspend the laws by which He governs the universe of nature.

So in urging one of her conditions of prayer, that supplication must be made to God for the sake of His Son, she pushed her illustrations to a point that must have shocked every one who had been taught to regard our Heavenly Father as a Being of infinite love and tenderness—a Being who “so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him might not perish but have everlasting life.” Her illustration was this: She supposed the case of one who was rich and powerful, and who had a friend whom he loved, and for whose sake he would do anything that was asked. A beggar comes to this friend, and the friend makes intercession for him, and prevails; not because the rich man cares anything for the beggar. He gives only because his friend solicits him. Now, such an idea of God dishonors Him. But we do not believe the lady has any such idea in her heart. It was the dogma, and not the truth, that drove her to an illustration the full bearing of which she could not at the moment have seen.

It is to be hoped, that in her study of the Bible, Mrs. Smith will soon be able to see deeper than the mere letter, and to find higher meanings than have yet been opened to her. Crowds flock to hear her, and her impressive utterances have a power of conviction that few can resist. If she speak from a divine illustration, born of humility and self-distrust, she will do great good; but if not, she will,

in many things, darken counsel by words without knowledge, as on the occasion to which we have referred.

OPENING PUBLIC LIBRARIES ON SUNDAY.

A recent discourse by Henry Ward Beecher, advocating the opening of public libraries and picture galleries on Sunday, has occasioned considerable discussion in the religious press. As far as we have seen this discussion, it does not, to our mind, weaken in anything the position or arguments of Mr. Beecher, but rather gives them force. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," is the divine teaching on this subject, given to those who hold to a mere technical and blind observance of that day. Now, under this exposition, it is fair to conclude that whatever is good for a man, naturally or spiritually, is right to be done on the Christian Sabbath; and that whatever is hurtful to a man, naturally or spiritually, it is wrong to do on this day.

To work seven days in the week, with hands or brain, giving neither mind nor body rest from worldly thought or labor, is hurtful to a man. All know this, and the point need not be argued. The divine injunction, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," was not given as an arbitrary command, but as a beneficial law for man's good, and any violation of the spirit of this law hurts man, and is therefore wrong.

Sunday, or the Christian Sabbath, comes in as a blessing to all who accept the privileges it offers. To the religious, it gives opportunity for spiritual instruction and the formal worship of God, as well as the opportunity for doing good to the neighbor. To the mere natural man, it gives release from toil and worldly care, and the rest and recreation needed to restore body and mind to healthy action. If he will not accept the higher spiritual privileges of the Lord's day, the lower blessings are his, and if he accepts them in a cheerful spirit, and uses the liberty of that day for rest and recreation—not care and labor—his Sabbath will do him good. The reading-room, the picture gallery, the refreshing walk or ride, the visit to woods and friends, any and everything not hurtful to his neighbor, and recreative to mind and body, are his Sunday privileges; and he may use them innocently in the eyes of God.

It is the labor that seeks for worldly gain—the business pursued with an end to profit—that is forbidden on the Lord's Day. The rest of the Sabbath is a rest from the cares of this natural life, and the labor that ministers thereto. Its privileges and opportunities are great, and blessed beyond the rest are those who accept these high privileges and opportunities—who make it a day of spiritual instruction and communion with God—who spend many of its sacred hours in doing good to others.

Let not those who accept and enjoy these high and holy privileges—who use the Lord's Day for

spiritual rest and refreshment—do anything to lessen or abridge the rights of those who cannot yet come up to the level on which they are seeking to stand. God has appointed the day for them also—and if they rest from work, and in books, or walks, or other innocent means, seek to recreate their wasted energies, they are using this day acceptably in His sight. Help all these, Christian men and women, to come up higher; but do not condemn as sin what the Lord of the Sabbath has not condemned. This is not Christianity, but Pharisaism.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

This distinguished poet and painter died in New York of pleuro-pneumonia, on the 11th of May, in the fiftieth year of his age. He had just arrived from Europe. His death will be deeply regretted. In a brief notice of his life and works, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* says:

"Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, in this State, March 12, 1822. Receiving only an ordinary school education, he went to the city of Cincinnati at the age of seventeen, and entered the studio of a sculptor; remaining only sufficient time to satisfy himself that working in clay and marble was unsuitable to a full development of his artistic tastes, young Read abandoned the sculptor's chisel for the palette and brush of a painter.

"In 1841 he removed from Cincinnati to New York, but subsequently made another move and settled down in the city of Boston, where he continued to reside for nearly five years, in the study and practice of his art, being mostly engaged in painting portraits. In 1846 Mr. Read changed his habitation again, establishing himself in this city, and remained four years, still engaged in portrait painting, very few original subjects being ventured upon. During the summer of 1850 he visited Europe for the first time, and on his return to the United States, a few months later, resided in Cincinnati until 1853, when he proceeded to Florence in hopes of improving himself and winning a name.

"While thus devoted to the art of painting, Mr. Read betrayed much fondness for poetical writing. His first volume of poems was published at Boston in 1847, which, proving moderately successful, was soon followed by a collection of 'Lays and Ballads,' published in 1848, in this city. In the same year he edited a collection of 'Specimens of the Female Poets of America,' and in 1853 published an illustrated edition of his poems.

"His first long poem, entitled 'The New Pastoral,' was published in 1855, and in the following year 'The House by the Sea' appeared. A new edition of his poetical works, in a collected form, was published in two volumes at Boston, in 1860. It was not until the summer of 1864, however, that Mr. Buchanan's fame as a poet became worldwide, an event secured by his celebrated poem, 'Sheri-

dan's Ride.' Thrown off in a happy moment of inspiration, at a time when the country was exultant over the wonderful achievements of General Sheridan at the battle of Cedar Mountain, the poem was received with enthusiasm. It was published in every conceivable form. His best known pictures are 'Lost Pleiad,' 'Watersprite,' 'Sheridan's Ride,' and 'Longfellow's Children.'

"Possessed of a genial temperament, Mr. Read was a great favorite in the social circle. For several years past he resided in Europe, being in feeble health. Abroad he was highly esteemed as one of the leading American poets, and received many marks of honor."

He was buried at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

This number is unusually rich in illustrations. We give four attractive pictures. That entitled "THE SISTERS," a group of charming girls looking over a collection of photographs, will please every one. It is graceful and sweet. "AN ADMIRER OF ART" is a happy conceit. It is engraved from a painting by G. Roux, of Munich. The artist has left his easel to gossip at a neighboring cottage, and while absent his work is being examined by some appreciative critics, who enjoy it after a fashion of their own. The calf's inspection of the color box is very amusing.

Last month we gave a scene from the Holy Land, a picture of Tel Hum, the ancient Capernaum. In the present number our readers have a striking view of that memorable locality on "The Way to Jericho," lying west of the Jordan. In another part of the magazine will be found a description of this region, so full of interest to all Christians. The engraving is by Linton, from an original drawing by Mr. Rawson, and gives an exact view of the scene as it exists to-day.

Our fourth engraving represents a scene in the forests of Brazil. The descriptive article that accompanies it is specially interesting.

FISH IN GLOBES.

In answer to the question, "How gold fish may be successfully treated in a glass globe," Mr. H. W. Beecher, in a recent number of the *Christian Union*, says:

"A circular or book of directions can be obtained at any of the establishments where gold fish are kept for sale. We have no experience in their bringing up or feeding, but a young friend who has been very successful in her treatment of them, tells us that she scrapes a piece of raw beef, about an inch long and half an inch thick, till it is like paste; then separating it into little bits, drops it into the globe every morning, and the little creatures snap at it eagerly. That is all the food she gives them. Some people throw in small pieces of bread. The water in the globe should be changed

as often as it begins to look 'cloudy.' This can be done by means of a syphon to draw it off, but there is some danger that the fish may be drawn into the tube, so that it is better to take the fish out with a dipper, putting them instantly into a pail of fresh water, while the globe is thoroughly cleansed and filled with pure water, when the fish are returned to it. Once a week is usually often enough to change the water. When gold or silver fish are kept in a tank, instead of a globe, aquatic plants, rock-work and shells can be placed in it, and are very pretty.

"In this case, every week or two the fish should be dipped into a pail of clean water, all the water emptied from the tank with a syphon, and the plants, shells and rock-work be cleansed of all impurities and well rinsed, before returning the fish. It seems more natural to keep them in a tank, with shells, plants, etc., then to suspend them in a glass globe. Some of the plants that can be made to flourish in this way are very pretty.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

England, remarks a cotemporary, is sorely puzzled over the temperance question, all her statesmen, philanthropists and best citizens, generally, admitting that the liquor traffic is injurious to the public welfare. But the shrewdest men in and out of Parliament insist that the mass of Englishmen are not yet ready for an effectual attack on the liquor business. Freely admitting all the mischief and misery wrought by the present almost free trade in alcoholic stimulants, the British law-making mind shrinks from the unpopular task of grappling with the gigantic and growing evil. The present hesitation is but the preliminary shudder of leading Englishmen before bolder beginning the battle with indiscriminate liquor vending. Soon the press and people will be fairly aroused on the all-important subject, and then perhaps slow-going Britannia may give us much-needed examples in the difficult task of dealing with the alarming growth and fearfully rapid spread of intemperance.

BOOKS BY MAIL.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, by T. S. Arthur, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," \$2.00.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, \$1.25.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Three Years in a Man-Trap."

"For \$3.00 we will send "Three Years" and "Ten Nights."

For \$3.25 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Ten Nights."

For \$5.00 we will send all three of these books.

1000 Chestnut Street.